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TWILIGHT MUSINGS,

AND

Other Poems.

BY HARRIET B. McKEEVER.

Words we write now, make their impress
On some soul, for good or ill;
Whispered on the air, though viewless
Years may pass, they're present still
Like to words by diamonds graven,
Never more to be effaced,
They will follow us to Heaven;
'Mid its records find their place.—E. M.

PHILADELPHIA:
WILLIS P. HAZARD, No. 724 CHESTNUT ST.
1857.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year of our Lord 1857,

BY HARRIET B. McKEEVER,

In the District Court, for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

ROBB, FILE & M'ELROY, PRS.

DEDICATION.

TO MY PUPILS.

To pupils well beloved,
  Who thro' many passing years,
Have often cheered my labors,
  And sometimes caused my tears;
Who have always been remembered
  With affection warm and true,
By their friend of early childhood,
  Who would guide them safely through

The traps which round their footsteps,
  Lie hidden to ensnare
Their youth, so full of impulse,
  Meeting them everywhere.
I see their smiling faces
  Still beaming as of yore,
And think of merry voices,
  Which I shall hear no more.

From many happy hearth-stones,
  Their faces on me gleam,
Where as heads of loving households,
  Their gentle virtues beam.

And some from sacred pulpits
  Are standing up for God,
With holy fervor telling
  Of salvation bought with blood.

And one 'mid heathen blindness,
  With a high and holy aim,
Is o'er the darkness shedding
  The light of Jesus' name:
And some beyond the river,
  Called in early youth to cross,
Who have passed in triumph over,
  While leaning on the cross.

To all so fondly cherished,
  I dedicate these lines;
For they are oft remember'd
  In my quiet, musing times.
May their path still shine more brightly,
  As dawns the perfect day:
May they reach the rest eternal,
  In the land so far away.

And all she asks now greeting,
  At her youthful pupil's hands,
Is a gentle, kind remembrance,
  When her name before them stands,
As the unpretending writer
  Of these lines so feebly traced:
In each tender creature's bosom,
  She would seek a favored place.

THE AUTHORESS.

PREFACE.

It is in compliance with a special request, that I introduce to the public this little volume of poems.

They are not the labored product of anxious days and sleepless nights, toiling after a poetic thought, and busy in dressing it up in fitting garb; they are the effusions, or rather the jets of a mind full of emotion, glowing with piety, and moulded by culture, thrown off in the moments of poetic fervor, more as the unburdening of a teeming heart, than as the studied lines of one seeking for high artistic excellence.

Many of these pieces are graceful in their style, chaste in their imagery, and are arranged with much rythmic harmony; there is about them no straining after effect, no stilted words, no eccentric thought.

The authoress has spoken what she has felt; but she has spoken it in mellifluous words, and breathed them to the harmony of numbers.

Each piece is the vehicle of a religious sentiment, and thus many holy thoughts are presented to our minds, well fitted to

arrest attention and secure remembrance; hence each little poem, like a painted panel of glass in the oriel window of some grand cathedral, while it catches the light of heaven, transmits it into our minds, tinted with the hues, and marked with the limning of her poetic but chastened fancy.

The excellent authoress comes before a discerning and critical public, with much diffidence. Though many of her pieces have been printed from time to time, in several of the periodicals of the day, yet to come out for the first time, as the authoress of a book of poems, and encounter the criticisms which assail all candidates for literary favor, is an effort which may well produce trembling and alarm.

There are in this little volume, poems of varying metres, and diverse sentiments, suited to all Christian tastes, and social conditions.

The mother can find here sweet songs to sing to the child upon her knee; the child can meet here with a beautiful hymn, which it can easily learn and prettily repeat; the bereaved heart can read stanzas that shall impart solace to the mourning spirit; the devout soul can here meet with aspirations, that shall wing it upward with a higher and steadier flight; and the careless can here listen, to the trumpet calls to truth and duty.

The inquirer can here obtain, in metrical strains, a knowledge of salvation; the aged Christian has here put into his mouth, an evening hymn, which he can chant in solemn sweetness, ere he lies down to the rest of the silent grave, in the hope that he shall wake in heaven.

It has words of comfort, of joy, of warning and exhortation, of truth and of love for all; and no one can attentively peruse these pages, without admiring the glow of piety which pervades them, and the earnest, single-eyed zeal, which constrains her, by her pen, to glorify Him who is "the chiefest among ten thousands, and altogether lovely."

WM. BACON STEVENS.

Philada., March 19th, 1857.

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TWILIGHT MUSINGS,

AND OTHER POEMS.

Twilight Musings at St. Andrews.

In the soft silence of the twilight hour,
When mem'ry wakes with all her magic pow'r,
The visions of the past; I stand alone
'Mid these blest walls, and muse on days now gone.

Now, forms of the departed gather round:
With silent step they enter, and no sound
Save the sad strains of mem'ry's harp, I hear,
Wailing low requiems, to my fancy's ear.

The evening shadows darken all around;
My beating heart feels, this is holy ground;
My inmost spirit breathes in pensive sighs,
While visions of the lost ones, meet mine eyes.

They move along the dim, mysterious aisle;
I seem to hear their step, and see their smile:
For why should spirits from the world above,
E'er wear a look of aught, but joy and love?

Within the chancel rails, I see them glide,
And in that sacred spot, sit side by side;
Then with a solemn step, they mount the place
Where they so oft have told of God's rich grace.

A lofty brow, serene, with scattered hair,*
Such as in life, our pastor used to wear;
The feeble step, the pallid, hollow cheek,
The voice so clear and heav'nly, seemed to speak.

The uplifted finger, and the solemn air,
The countenance, all hallowed o'er with prayer,
The holy aspect, and the pale gray eye,
All tell my trembling heart, who hovers nigh.

And near him, stands a form of holy mien:†
Like to our second guide, the vision seems:
He was a man of prayer, by sorrow bowed,
Led through affliction's furnace, home to God.

His eye is kind, as full of Christian love,
As when among his flock, he gently moved,
His gaze is upward, and he seems to wear
The look, which speechless utters, "Live by prayer!"

I hear a message from the man of God,*
"When you forget to pray, write Ichabod,"
For in united prayer, your safety lies:
Forsake the hallowed place, your graces die.

Who that remembers the sweet evening hour,
When oft we met, to seek the Spirit's power,

* Rev. Dr. Bedell. † Rev. John A. Clark.

Can e'er forget those days, when gathered there,
Oft would he meet his children thus, in prayer?

The meek and holy aspect, the closed eyes,
The sweet and plaintive hymn, before me rise:
E'en when too feeble many words to say,
How blest! to hear him whisper: "Brethren pray."

These were his holy teachings, year by year:
The very air seemed redolent with prayer:
These were the sacred, sympathetic ties,
Which bound us all, as pilgrims to the skies.

Beloved St. Andrews! shall it e'er be said,
Her gold is dim, her former fervor fled?
Should she forget to pray, it must be told,
Her glory has departed, and her love is cold.

Thrice have we been bereaved, yet He who stands
Amidst the seven lamps, and in His hand
Holds fast the seven stars, directing all
In Heav'n above, or on this earthly ball,—

He has been with us, earnest prayer to hear;
And tho' our hearts have often sunk with fear,
Yet none but faithful guides, have e'er been heard
To preach among us, aught but God's pure word.

Christ crucified, the sinner's only hope,
His righteousness, the one substantial prop
On which the Church can rest, on this side Heav'n,
Ere crowns of victory, to faith are given.

What thrilling scenes have 'mid these walls transpired
How often, by the Spirit's power inspired,
Have messages from Heaven, here been blessed!
How many here have found the Spirit's rest!

I see around the chancel, hundreds crowd,
Ready to dedicate their all to God:
The young, the old, the rich, the poor here met:
Alas! that any should those vows forget.

Some sleep beneath the church-yard's grassy sod:
Their conflicts o'er, they rest in peace with God.
Some stand where Zion's banners are unfurled:
Some few have turned again, to this base world.

Some, in the busy city may be found,
Some, by sweet rural scenes encircled round,
Some, in the distant land beyond the wave:
All, all are travelling to one home, the grave.

How many scenes pass swift before my sight!
The church-door opens, and the flashing light
Reveals a company, with joyous smile
Guiding the bridal bands along the aisle.

Again, I see another happy band
Bringing their infant, with faith's trusting hand
To the dear Savior's feet, that he may bless
Their little one, in all her helplessness.

A few short years—the infant comes once more,*
Not with a father's prayers—those prayers are o'er,—

*Charlotte Clark.

But borne by youthful hands, on her low bier,
She rests in peace, while round flows many a tear.

Like to the chrysalis, she lies entombed
In her dark shell; gone is her infant bloom:
The pale, white flowers, that lay upon her now,
Are not more withered than her pallid brow.

Like to the chrysalis, she'll burst the tomb:
Then from the dead she'll rise in beauteous bloom,
To hail her ransomed family in Heaven,
When to her sainted father she is given.

Again—I see the portals op'ning wide,
And weeping brethren enter, side by side:
With reverential hands they bear the pall,
And with a solemn tread their footsteps fall.

The deep-toned organ wails in plaintive notes,
The dark funereal folds, in sadness float;
The weeping multitude, the stifled moan
All tell, that those most honored, now are gone.

Like the tired bird, who, struggling with fierce winds,
Looks round in vain, a resting place to find,
Until some sheltered spot, she glad descries,
Then folds her wearied wings, and peaceful lies,

So, early driv'n by life's tempestuous storms,
Which beat so wildly round my youthful form,
Wearied and worn, I sought a Savior's breast,
And here, like Noah's dove, I found my rest.

Ah! this indeed has been the gate of Heaven
Here joys unspeakable have oft been given:
Here Jacob's ladder, reaches to the skies,
And on its steps invisible, I rise.

Sometimes, a thought of bliss so sweetly comes,
Wafted by angels, from their heav'nly home,
I almost hear the rustling of their wings,
As to and fro they go, comfort to bring.

Here, prayer, like to the bright metallic rod,
Pointing still upward, to the throne of God,
Brings down in safety, the electric fire,
Which else might blast, like God's almighty ire.

So each believer, like the lightning rod,
Not only points the sinner up to God;
But by his faith, wards off the fire of wrath,
And saves his loved ones from eternal death.

Here is the ladder: let no hand be found
By failing faith, to move one slender round:
Here is the rod electric—there the skies:
Let us look upward—ere the blessing flies.

O! that once more, while yet the fire descends
Swift down the magic rod, like Jesus' friends
May we encircled round, joined hand to hand,
Near to the point of influence, ever stand.

Then, when the heavenly flame, by prayer brought down
Reaches one grasping hand—swift every one

By power electric, will draw near the throne,
And we shall mourn no more, the Spirit flown.

Thus, may we still a living Church be found:
Here, may the trumpet give a certain sound:
Hence, may dark error ever shrink away:
Near to our pastor, may the Spirit stay.

When faints his feeble faith, when hang his hands,
Like Hur and Aaron, may his people stand,
Near on the arms of faith, to bear him up,
Filling his anxious heart with Christian hope.

In this blest truth, Oh! may he comfort find,
That Christ can turn the water into wine;
May he obedient, fill up to the brim
The empty vessels—looking still to Him,

To change the water into rosy red,—
To multiply the scattered loaves of bread,
Till hungry thousands, by his power are fed:—
Through the few mystic words, by Jesus said.

These walls will perish—these material stones
Will crumble into dust, as time rolls on.
Then, when this earthly temple shall decay,
Naught that is heav'nly, e'er shall pass away.

Out of these ruins, shall a temple rise,
Built all of lively stones, meet for the skies;
With Jesus for the chief, the corner-stone,
And grace, the crowning, topmost, glorious one.

Three Hundred Years Ago.

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE BISHOP WHITE PRAYER BOOK SOCIETY, CELEBRATING, AT THE SAME TIME, THE THREE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE PRAYER BOOK.

A BAND of favored Christians,
We meet around the throne;
With thankful exultations
That Providence to own,
Which moved our ancient fathers,
Their zeal for God to show,
By framing for us, holy prayers,
Three hundred years ago.

For on this holy festival,
On England's happy shore,
The ancient Church, but just escaped
From error's crushing power,
Met on the morn of Whitsuntide,
Where Christians love to go,
And first set forth, our hallowed forms,
Three hundred years ago.

What tho' the book is ancient,
What tho' the sacred words,
Are still the sounds familiar,
Our fathers gladly heard.
Still let us love our prayer-book,
And for it reverence show,
Tho' it was framed by mortal men,
Three hundred years ago.

Should we not love our parents?
And watch with earnest eye
When silver hairs, and quivering voice,
Whispers, "Old age draws nigh!"
We love the best a long-tried friend,
And can we ever know
A guide more true, than Heaven sent,
Three hundred years ago!

The oak amid the forest,
The eagle 'mong the birds,
Old Ocean 'mid the waters,
In every heart is heard
To stir the love of ancient things:—
Then let our bosoms glow
With joy, while mem'ry points us back
Three hundred years ago.

Thy chants have filled the fretted vaults,
Of old cathedral domes;
Thy prayers have whispered peace and love,
'Mid England's cottage homes.
Thy strains have dwelt on martyr's lips,
When called by God to go
Thro' fiery flames, to heav'nly crowns,
Three hundred years ago.

We hear thy words in accents kind,
Whispering, "let infants come,"
And loving still, "Defend O Lord,"
And bring thy children home.
"Remember me," Oh! who can tell
Or who the pow'r can show

Of those blest words to strengthen faith,
Three hundred years ago.

Thy words declare, the righteous dead,
Alone are truly blest,
When with the spirits of the just,
They with the Savior rest.
"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust!"
How speedily we go
To join the dead, who heard these words
Three hundred years ago.

The soaring bird, with pinions drooped,
Near earth must ever stay,
Until the air, struck by his wing
Bears her to Heaven away.
Just so, the weak and helpless soul
Oft feels her faith so low,
Till aided by the words which glowed,
Three hundred years ago.

Thus, penitence for countless sins,
Bows down the drooping wing:—
When faith comes in, to aid her flight
She soars away and sings:
Sings with the raptured hosts of Heav'n,
And with the saints below,
Praises to God, for aid vouchsafed,
Three hundred years ago.

We would not call thee faultless,
For uninspired men
Composed thy words: such have done wrong,
And may do so again.

But we would love the piety,
  Which on thy pages glow,
Which fired the souls of those who lived
  Three hundred years ago.

Who dare complain of formal prayers?
  'Tis that our spirit's tone,
Is all below thy heav'nly strains,
  And we are cold alone.
Could we but feel the holy joys,
  Which from thy teachings flow,
Then should we truly bless this day,
  Three hundred years ago.

A Christmas Carol.

"PEACE BE TO THIS HOUSE."

THE sound of angel voices
  From old Judea's plains,
Wakes up within my bosom,
  A wish to join the strains,
Which sang of peace from Heaven,
  Of God, as reconciled,
Of grace, to change a rebel,
  Into a loving child.

While soft these notes are stealing,
  Throughout my grateful heart,

How can I help desiring,
That all should share a part.
Then, while my soul is swelling
With love, 'tis raised in prayer,
That where my friends are dwelling,
God's peace may hover there.

Thus while I chant my carol,
Of simple, heartfelt song,
The fireside of my Pastor,
Stands out amid the throng.
Here, in a land of strangers,
Perhaps his heart may miss
The gush of kindly greeting,
In seasons such as this.

I've thought how small the tribute :
And yet by little things,
Small in themselves, but blest by God,
Comfort and peace, He brings.
One ray of light may gladden
The wand'rer 'mid the night,
One draught of cooling water,
Put burning thirst to flight.

A bird, upon the rising bough,
Borne upward by the gale,
Still swelling out loud strains of joy,
When blasts his branch assail,
May to the Christian, tell a tale
Of hope, in joy's bright day,
Of cheerful trust and confidence,
When joy has passed away.

One flower 'mid the wilderness,
  May cheer the wand'rer's heart;
If it but mind him of his home,
  'Twill blessedness impart.
I'd be the little ray of light,
  Or lowly flower, or bird,
Or like the humblest means, through which
  Kind accents may be heard.

Then, peace be to thy household,
  Peace dwell within thy breast;
May the blest dove of heav'nly birth,
  There, safely, sweetly rest.
Peace to thy loved companion,
  Thro' life's tempestuous way,
And near thy cherished daughter,
  May peace forever stay.

O! may the Prince of Peace be there,
  A welcome, honored guest:
May He sit with thee at table,
  May He guard thy nightly rest;
Make one around thy fireside,
  Thus, giving holy zest
To all the purest joys of life,
  Making thee truly blest.

Thus sanctifying every joy,
  And sweet'ning every care,
Thou'lt prove each day, how blest are they,
  Who Jesus' friendship share.
Peace to the flock thou tendest,
  Such as the Savior gives

To his belovéd, when he sees
Their Christian graces live.

Thus ends my Christmas carol;
And the wish of ev'ry line
Is, thine be like the growing light
More brightly still to shine,
Until it reach the perfect day;
Then after life's decline,
In the blest world beyond the grave,
Peace be to thee, and thine.

In Memory of Mary Eldridge.

"WE ALL DO FADE AS A LEAF."

ONCE more we met together,
And lip to lip was pressed;
And my grateful bosom gladly sprang,
Each youthful brow to bless.
Upon the well-known threshold
I stood, with joy to greet
The smiling group, happy once more
Each other thus to meet.

I gazed around delighted,
As each familiar face,
With beaming eye, and outstretched hand,
Met in a glad embrace.

The summer sports are past and gone,
And duty calls us home :
How many now, with cheerful step,
To meet my welcome, come !

But one short week has vanished,
And in our wonted place
We met once more, but ah ! how changed
Is each beloved face.
Sadness now rests upon each brow,
And silence reigns around :
Tears chase each other down the cheek,
And quench each mirthful sound.

We gaze around in sorrow,
Upon a vacant chair;
And sadly whisper, where is she ?
Who once was seated there.
Where is the sunbeam of our flock ?
Where is the sparkling eye ?
The ringing laugh, the tripping step,
Which told us, she was nigh.

Hushed is that voice of gladness,
Quenched is that brilliant eye,
How could we think, that one so young,
In death so soon should lie ?
One day, a merry sprightly child,
With us joined hand in hand;
The next, before the throne of God,
One of the spirit band.

We miss thee, dearest Mary,
Upon the school-room stair,
We miss thee, 'mid our youthful sports:
We miss thee, every where.
When others smile, the thought will come
Of the cold and silent tomb,
Where sleeps thy once beloved form,
In darkness, and in gloom.

So sudden was the summons,
Which called thy soul away:—
O! may we heed the solemn tones,
Which bid us, watch and pray.
Ah! could we hear thy spirit's voice,
Would it not kindly say?
"Companions of my earthly days,
Haste! haste from sin away.

"Your days may be as fleeting,
Your time as fast may fly:
Ah! let the voice from Mary's grave,
Whisper, you too may die.
Fly, while the God of mercy calls,
To the Redeemer's breast;
Then, whether long or short your days,
In Heaven, your souls will rest."

On the Death of the Rev. J. A. Clark, D. D.

REQUIESCAT IN PACE.

REST in peace! thy work is done,—
All thy conflicts, all thy cares:
Naught can reach thee, blessed one!
Naught to grieve, can touch thee there.
Years of weakness, days of pain,
Long have been thy weary lot;
They shall ne'er distress again,
Sighs in Heaven, whisper not.

Rest in peace! we lay thee down,
Near the consecrated spot,
Where thy gospel-trump was blown,
With a faith, that faltered not.
Where thy spirit joyed to be,
There we leave thy hallowed dust,
Till the morn of victory,—
Till the triumph of the just.

Rest in peace! thro' many woes,
Thou hast gained thy blest abode,
Safe at last from mortal foes,
In the bosom of thy God.
We would follow in the way
Which on earth thou lov'dst to tread,—
Where with meekness, day by day
Thou did'st follow Christ, thy head.

Rest in peace! yet mem'ry oft
Must those solemn scenes recall,

Whispering still in accents soft,
  Heavenly wisdom's holy call.
Prayers and tears in secret shed,
  Solemn admonitions given—
From those lips, now cold and dead,
  Wooing us from earth to Heaven.

Rest in peace! and yet, if ever
  Ransomed spirits of the sky
Now 'mid scenes of earth can hover,
  Thine, blest shade! may linger nigh.
Yet sweet hours of saints' communion,
  We would with the loved enjoy;
Till the day of full reunion,
  'Mid the joys which never cloy.

Rest in peace—ah! not forever
  Will thy form in darkness sleep:
Jesus near thy tomb will ever
  All thy dust in safety keep.
Bright and glorious thou shalt rise:—
  Pastor, friend, we'd meet thee there,
In the home beyond the skies:
  All the loved in Christ, are there.

Rest in hope! yet one farewell,
  To the friend of many years:—
Thou hast gone with Christ to dwell,
  We are in a vale of tears.
God has healed thine every woe;
  He has bade thy labors cease:
Once more let us whisper low,
  "Friend and Pastor, rest in peace."

The Two Coronations.

THERE was stirring 'mong the multitude,
At early morning dawn,
And prince and peasant hurried forth,
By one great current borne.
The glitter of earth's pageantry,
Just flitted by that day,
And thousands flocked to catch a glimpse
Ere it should pass away.

A nation's triumphs rent the air,
And 'mid the crowd were seen,
Princes and kings from distant lands,
To hail Britannia's Queen.
'Mid the bright glare of earthly pomp,
'Mid splendor's dazzling blaze,
They bore her young and timid steps,
To the hall of ancient days.

As there she knelt, where the royal dead
Had bowed the suppliant knee,
They placed a crown on her youthful brow,—
Emblem of royalty.
Mid music's strains of solemn sound,
Inspiring all the scene,
Loudly they hailed the trembling girl,
As England's future Queen.

With raptured shouts they bore her on,
As they left the Abbey hall;

With loyal prayers to bless their Queen,
On God they loudly called.
The pageant has passed, and the multitude
Have gone to their quiet homes;
Silence now rests 'mid the sacred walls,
And she, to her conflict comes.

She wears a crown; 'tis a sparkling gem,
And dazzling to mortal eyes;
So fair to behold, but heavy to wear,
'Twill fill her young heart with sighs.
'Tis a weary load for a woman's brow,
Whose brightest gems will rust;
For the blooming queen, and her diadem,
Must moulder in the dust.

The scene has passed, but an hour will come,
More august far than this;
Assembled shall be the multitude,
And angels shall leave their bliss,
To witness the earth's last spectacle,
Ere it shall pass away;
And to hail with joyful shouts, the saints'
Great coronation-day.

Who shall be there? kings, nobles, all,—
The rich and poor shall meet;
They who have reigned, and they who served,
Shall bow beneath His feet.
Speechless they stand, gone the imperial crowns
Of the proud monarchs now;
Silent thy wait the coronal's dread sign,
And filled with awe, they bow.

Who is the Judge? and who presents the prize?
Who each believer seals?
'Tis He, the brightest 'mong the glorious throng,
Now to the sight revealed.
'Tis Jesus! the despised! the Nazarene!
His hand the crown shall give,
His voice pronounce the soul-inspiring words,
"With me forever live."

Who stands so meekly 'mong the mighty mass?
'Tis one of lowly mien;
No trembling fears alarm his placid soul,
His brow is all serene.
He looks towards the dazzling great white throne,
With calm and steady gaze;
He sees in Him who sits thereon, a friend
Who saved him by His grace.

When he passed among the thoughtless crowd
On earth, he scarce was known,
But he kept his eye on his heavenly crown,
And lived for Heaven alone.
The books are set, the Judge appears,
The lowly one meets His glance;
The mark on his brow proclaims his name,
He bids His child advance.

Apostles, martyrs, prophets are there
And all th' angelic host;
They witness the triumph of humble faith,
And in Christ alone, they boast.
The lowly one bends before the throne,
A listening world attends;

The crown of glory adorns his brow,
And praises high ascend.

'Tis a crown which ne'er shall know decay;
And he who happy wears
This signet of bliss, shall find it free
From earth's distracting cares.
'Twas purchased by a Savior's tears,
And He who freely gave
His life-blood away, has power to keep
The crown of the victor safe.

There were tremblers 'mong that multitude,
When heirs of glory crowned
By Jesus' hands, with fadeless wreaths
Their honored temples bound.
Who, while the raptured anthems rolled
Among the hosts above,
Cast down their crowns before His feet,
Who saved them by His love.

Amazement seizes the trembling souls
Of sinners, while they gaze
On the victors' palms, and their robes of white,
Beaming with glorious rays.
With blissful strains of heavenly joy,
Earth's sorrows at an end;
Triumphant the conquerors swell the song,
And swift to glory ascend.

Heaven opening wide her pearly gates,
Receives the wanderers home;

But the crowns they wear, no conflict bring,
To rest, to joy they come.
To rest them safe, 'mid the bowers of bliss,
To joy in the Savior's love,
To bask in His smile is the endless lot,
Of the victors crowned above.

Wasted Hours.

"O, GIVE ME BACK MY FLOWERS."

A MERRY little maiden
Is sitting by the stream,
Her lap with flowers laden,
Fit emblems there they seem
Of her, whose sportive fingers
Are playing with their sweets,
While yet soft twilight lingers,
And day-light fast retreats.

Her features sweetly smiling,
As on the bank she lay,
The lazy hours beguiling,
She threw her flowers away.
With childish joy she saw them
Go floating down the tide,
But speedily they vanished,
When suddenly she sighed:

"O, give me back my flowers!"
She calls, but none return.
Thus speed our fleeting hours,
And we in vain will mourn
For moments madly scattered,
With reckless hands so wide;
Just like these flowers, all shattered,
They vanish with the tide.

But once again, they'll meet us,
Beyond this mortal shore;
Their shadowy forms will greet us,
With taunting scorn once more.
They'll point with solemn finger
'Long mem'ry's lava tide;
Their injured ghosts shall linger,
Forever near our side.

I'll Wake Again.

A YOUNG GIRL DIED WHILE ABSENT FROM HOME: HER LAST MESSAGE TO HER FATHER, WAS, "TELL HIM I'LL WAKE AGAIN."

SILENTLY, solemnly
Waneth the day;
Far from home, the young stranger
Is passing away.
The day-light is fading,
The night cometh on;

The death angel beckons,
  She meets him alone.

Tenderly, carefully,
  Watching her bed,
The hand of the stranger
  Is raising her head.
The thought is a solemn one;
  So tenderly cherished,
So far from her childhood's home,
  Thus lonely to perish.

Slowly and earnestly
  Turneth her eye
To the door of her chamber,
  With a deep-heaving sigh.
She watches with earnest love;
  Her thoughts are at home;
My father, my honored one,
  Will he not come?

Surely, but stealthily
  Death draweth nigh:
She knows it, she fears it not,
  Her hopes are on high.
Anchored within the vail,
  Her feet on the rock,
Jordan's waves are fierce dashing,
  She feels not the shock.

Fervently, willingly
  Folding her arms,

With her eye fixed on Jesus,
  She feels no alarms.
She feels that her spirit
  Is ebbing away;
She leaves a last message
  For him far away.

Sweetly, confidingly
  Whisper her words;
So near to the haven,
  But faintly they're heard.
"'Tell him, I'll wake again,'
  When the long night
Of the grave is all over,—
  When cometh the light.

"Transcendantly glorious!
  'Twill beam on us then,
When the blest resurrection
  Unites us again.
Rays from the spirit-land,
  Shine on me now:
My death-bed is gilded
  By the heavenly bow.

"Fondly, Oh! lovingly
  Think on me still;
Tho' lonely thy fireside,
  Bow to God's will.
Father, 'I'll wake again,'
  When death is o'er;
Then free from sin and pain,
  We'll part no more.

"Sadly, ah! pensively,
When evening comes,
Casting its shadows dim
Round thy lone home.
When flowers droop and die,
Which once I cherished:
Think of her, who like them,
So early perished.

"Faithfully, trustingly,
Father believe;
Tho' deep are my slumbers,
Again I shall live.
Yes, 'I shall wake again'
On the bright morn,
When from the sleep of death
Saints shall return."

Peacefully, tranquilly,
Life passed away,
When the first streaks of morning
Illumined the day.
Stranger hands tended her,
Kindly befriended her,
Jesus defended her:
Peaceful she lay.

Solemnly, mournfully,
When the bell tolled for thee,
Stranger hands tenderly
Carried thy bier.
Angel-bands watched o'er thee,
Human hearts wept for thee;
For thy young destiny,
Fell sacred tears.

There's Music Every Where.

THERE is music on the ocean,
And in the stilly air:
To the feeling heart, and the poet's ear,
There's music every where.
Her voice is heard in ocean's moan,
And melody sublime,
When his deep toned organ rolls along,
In solemn measured time.

Sometimes in murmurs deep and loud,
Sometimes with sadder sound,
He seems to mourn o'er the buried dead,
Who sleep in his depths profound.
When list'ning to his sweeter tones
Dying along the shore,
I ask for my friends—will they come again?
He murmurs—no more—no more.

There is music 'mid the mountains,
When thunders round me roar,
As they echo 'mid the works of God,
Sounding His mighty power.
'Tis nature's grand cathedral, where
Terrific might is shown;
And my spirit bows in silence down,
As I worship there alone.

There's music in the wailing wind,
As it sweeps wildly by,

When we gather round the winter hearth,
And feel the tempest nigh.
We hear it howl, as the blast rides on,
And we lift our hearts in prayer,
For the friends who on the stormy deep,
Must all its fury dare.

There's music 'mid the cloisters green
Of the forest's noble trees,
As I stand beneath their arching boughs,
And list to the sighing breeze
Which whispers 'mong the rustling leaves,
When autumn tints appear;
And I fondly think of cherished friends,
Who ne'er will meet us here.

There's music in the full toned choir,
As grand its numbers roll;
And power there is, in the lute and harp
To stir the human soul.
'Tis sounded full by martial band,
But ah! too well we know,
That it leads men forth to woe and death,
While recklessly they go.

I catch its sounds in the insect's hum,
When summer twilight comes,
As they sing a song of sweet content,
Amid their grassy homes.
There's melody in an infant's voice,
When full of childish glee,
And I doubt if practised notes, more sweet
To a mother's ear can be.

The music of a happy home,
Let not a harsh word mar;
Let harmony 'gainst angry strife,
Each peaceful bosom bar.
No sweeter sounds the heart can hear
Than words of holy love:
'Twill form the theme of the blessed ones,
In the music heard above.

'Tis wafted by the evening bells,
As floating on the air,
They tell us of Heaven, they speak of home,
They call us to twilight prayer.
The sweetest notes which music breathes,
Varied howe'er their tone,
Still leave some sounds within my soul,
Heard in those depths alone.

I've listened for an answering note,
In every passing sound;
But these deep harpings to express,
No medium is found.
Perhaps in Heaven, an angel's harp
May strike my spirit's string;
Then with high raptures I'll adore,
And anthems loud will sing.

A Plea for the Sailor.

STRIKE HIM NOT.

STRIKE him not, strike him not,
He is a man;
The noblest creation
That came from God's hand.
Think of his noble birth,
Think of his soul of worth;
Then, this poor child of earth,
Strike if you can.

Look at his noble brow,
Silent he stands,
While the rope of the tyrant
Has fettered his hands.
Think of his mother's tears,
Think of his sister's prayers;
While he stands waiting there,
The cruel commands.

The bright flag of freedom,
In scorn seems to wave
O'er the deck where a freeman
Is bound like a slave.
In majesty swooping,
There o'er the deck stooping
In shame, she bows drooping,
Refusing to wave.

Call him not, call him not
  Sunken and low;
'Tis ye who have made him so,
  Who deal the blow.
Treat him not brutally,
Love him but brotherly;
Then see how faithfully
  To serve thee, he'll go.

Pity the mariner,
  Lonely he goes:
Sons of humanity,
  Think on his woes!
Few have befriended him,
Few have defended him:
More have offended him,
  How many his foes.

Strike him not, strike him not,
  He's not a slave;
But the son of a freeman
  He rides on the wave.
On the seas of America,
Oh! she must hear our prayer;
Or we cry shame on her,
  She *must* come to save.

Strike him not, strike him not,
  Deal not the blow;
Or all that is manly,
  From the spirit must go.
Give him but justice then,
Ye! who are noble men:

Raise him from earth again,
Crushed now so low.

Bind up his bleeding brow,
Perish the rod:
Stretch out a brother's hand,
Show him the road.
Point him to paths of peace,
Bid all his wand'rings cease:
Lead him to happiness:
Lead him to God.

Tempest-tost mariner!
Scourging shall cease,
When the trump of the gospel,
Shall bring to thee peace.
Loud sound the jubilee,
Son of the mighty sea!
Thou shalt sing loftily
The seaman's release.

To Mary.

ON A CONFIRMATION SEASON.

WHERE art thou Mary?—still astray,
While others choose the narrow way?
Why halt ye?—life speeds fast away;
Thou canst not count its hours.

Where art thou Mary?—loving eyes
Have watched to see thy form arise:
Joining young pilgrims to the skies;
And yet thou wilt not come.
Where art thou Mary? Oh! how long
Wilt thou among the careless throng,
Grieve the kind hearts who earnest long,
To hail the lost one found?
Where art thou Mary?—thinkest thou,
How oft thy father's knee doth bow
Before a throne of grace, whilst thou
Art heedless of his prayers?
Where art thou Mary?—shall these words
In tones of joy or grief be heard,
When the deep tombs of earth are stirred;
Where wilt thou then be found?
Wilt thou be found among the throng,
Who raptured sing salvation's song?
Then joyful cast thy lot among
God's blessed people now.
Then in the resurrection morn,
When saints shall from the grave return:
Thou shalt on angels' wings be borne,
To meet they friends in Heaven.

Poor Little Nell.

HUSH! 'tis a solemn scene, sweet childhood lies
In the deep slumbers of an early tomb:

Death's wondrous seal is on those smiling eyes,
Closed never more to weep thy sorrowing doom.
Poor, patient Nell! still is thy noble heart:
Hushed are its woes, pointless affliction's dart.

Thy little hand, which oft the footsteps led
Of the old man throughout his weary way,
Now lifeless hangs!—'tis nerveless, cold, and dead:
That kind and faithful hand, the old man's stay.
Thy weary wand'ring feet, no more shall roam:
Where thou art gone, fatigue can never come.

The flowers she loved are strewed upon her now,
And friends she cherished, weep around her bier;
The peace of Heav'n is on her marble brow,
And angel spirits surely hovered near,
When gently breathed the last departing sigh,
Did not those sister-spirits hover nigh?

Nigh to rejoice o'er one more ransomed child,
Nigh on celestial wings, to bear her home;
And as thy parting spirit sweetly smiled,
Did not bright visions to thy death-bed come?
Visions of rest, and joy, and heav'nly love,
In the blest home prepared for thee above.

In all around, thy tender voice is heard,
The flowers thou loved'st, still sweetly speak of thee:
The smiling sky, thy walks, thy merry bird,—
All gentle things in nature seem to be
Mementos of our noble-hearted Nell;
For 'mid its lovely scenes she joyed to dwell.

But ah! one heart was crushed, when the last sigh
Left but her shadow on his dreary way:
That poor old man could only linger nigh
In sad bewilderment, from day to day;
Seeking her early grave, in helpless sorrow,
And broken-hearted say, "She'll come to-morrow."

The sad to-morrow came—and yet another,
And still he sought the one beloved spot,
With all the patient watching of a mother;
Yet she he fondly loved, still—she came not.
Then hope expired—and on the marble stone
They found the poor old man—dead—and alone.

There, side by side, they quietly repose:
The noble child, and her life's weary care:
If pure unselfish love, this world e'er knows,
Twas in the strong affection cherished there.
There let them softly rest,—strong-hearted Nell,
And the old parent whom she loved so well.

Sowing and Reaping.

"HE THAT GOETH FORTH AND REAPETH, BEARING PRECIOUS SEED, SHALL DOUBTLESS COME AGAIN WITH REJOICING, BRINGING HIS SHEAVES WITH HIM."

On the broad field of human life,
Where'er our race is found:

Each moment finds our busy hands
Casting their seed around.
Few think that whatsoe'er we sow,
That shall we surely reap;
Or feel that seed cast here below
Its character must keep.

The merry child, with prattling glee,
Sows where it careless stands,
The seeds of youthful liberty:
Check not its little hand.
'Twill reap the rosy glow of health;
Then let it early sow
These seeds, more rich than gilded wealth:
Let its young spirits flow.

The warrior sows the seeds of fame,
As he girds his armor on;
But what is glory, but a name?
For the boasting one lies down
On a tented field; his gory brow
Kisses the grov'lling dust:
He sows for fame, he reaps but death,
And his sword is left to rust.

The worldling, with mere earthly seed
Fills up the fruitful soil;
But naught repays his useless zeal,
Nothing for all his toil.
He grasps the fruit, like Sodom's, fair;
And when with eager trust
He tastes what tempts his longing eye,
'Tis naught but worthless dust.

But there are sowers in the field,
Who with a Christian's faith
Cast in their store of precious seed,
Believing what He saith,
Whose word is everlasting truth,
Who bids us still sow on;
Cheering our hearts with these blest words:
"The reaping day shall come."

What! tho' the frosts of many years
Shall cover up the soil?
What! tho' no tender shoots appear,
To bless our weeping toil?
The precious seed may buried lie,
By foes all trodden down;
Yet sure as seasons come and go,
A gospel spring shall come.

Ambassadors for Christ! toil on!
Ye mothers! weep and pray!
Ye teachers! with a patient faith,
Wait for the reaping day.
'Twill pay your toil, 'twill change your sighs
To joy's inspiring notes,
When 'mid the heav'nly harvest-home,
Your songs with rapture float.

Sow on, ye faithful husbandmen!
Have but one earnest care,
That ye are scatt'ring the true seed,
And tending it by prayer.
'Twill yield a harvest here below,
Of holy joy and peace;

'Twill bless you with abundant fruit,
When earthly toils shall cease.

Then, when the reaping day draws near,
When all the reapers come
To lay their sheaves at Jesus' feet,
And shout their harvest-home,
Ye! who with tears on earth went forth,
Bearing your precious seed,
Shall then return, with praises high:
This will be bliss indeed.

To Maggie.

SEE the bright and living way,
Leading to eternal day;
Wilt thou tread it Maggie?
True, it is a narrow path,
But more joy its trials hath
Than the boasted stores of wealth;
Come, and enter, Maggie.

While thy heart with love is warm,
Ere the world has power to charm,
Come with me, dear Maggie.
Scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that never will decay,
Then, when time has pass'd away,
Blest shalt thou be! Maggie.

True, the cross thy soul must bear,
But the smile of God is there;
Seek for that dear Maggie.
Upward! onward! all things dare;
While thy soul is nerved by prayer,
Thou wilt reach the haven, where
Naught can harm thee, Maggie.

Earth will tempt thee, sin allure,
Wide will stand the open door;
Enter not, dear Maggie.
Flowers, the serpent's tooth may hide,
Gilded barks may seem to ride
Safely o'er life's rippling tide;
Trust them not, dear Maggie.

In the pilgrim's footsteps tread,
Fearing naught; with God o'erhead,
Thou wilt conquer, Maggie.
Then, when sin and death are o'er,
Thou may'st reach the happy shore;
Once safely reached, we part no more:
Meet me there, dear Maggie.

Childhood.

CHILDHOOD'S happy days are ours,
Sunny beams around us shine;

Pretty wreaths of summer flowers
Oft with careless joy we twine.

When we pluck their smiling sweets,
Which around our footsteps fall,
May we ne'er the truth forget,
That our Father made them all.

When our daily sports are done,
Then we seek a mother's feet;
Listen to her well-kept store,
And her tales of love repeat.

The Visit of the Dove.

VENI CREATOR.

IN a temple high and holy,
'Mid a season calm and lowly,
When the voice of God is calling;
And his children lowly falling,
While they thus, his help implore,
Comes the Holy Dove—once more!

Mercy's arms are yet surrounding,
Clear the gospel peals are sounding,
Stirring 'mid these pews so solemn,
Echoing from each lofty column,
Carried to each spirit's door,
Will they grieve the Dove?—once more!

'Mid the Sabbath's holy sunlight,
'Mid the evening's hallowed twilight,
Comes the Holy Dove impressing
Souls who need a Savior's blessing,
Entering at the sacred door,
Pleading—waiting—evermore.

Ah! how oft their footsteps pressing
Up these aisles, when God is blessing;
Many come with mien so careless,
Blind and hardened—therefore fearless:
Think they, as they come once more,
God may call them—nevermore?

Down these aisles, in holy hours,
Moves the Dove, with silent power;
Tarrying round some halting spirit,
Halting—tho' the Dove be near it;
Knocking—knocking—evermore,
Can she bar her heart?—once more!

With a patience, kind and loving,
Deeply pressing thoughts so moving,
But alas! for earthly pleasure
She has bartered heavenly treasure;
Must I leave thee?—evermore!
Sighed the Dove—as closed the door.

Near a man, whose mortal journey
Half is ended—sounds of "Turn ye,"
Whispered near with solemn power,
Tells him, 'tis salvation's hour.
Will he hearken?—or once more
Drive the Spirit from his door.

Tears of anguish fast are stealing,
Gushing from the fount of feeling,
Like Agrippa, undecided,
Between earth and Heaven divided.
One more call, and it is o'er:
God may call him—nevermore!

Near a spirit, bowed with mourning,
While to Jesus it is turning,
Halts the Dove, and smiles upon it,
Folds his wings and sits beside it;
Tempest tossed—'tis near the shore:
He will leave it—nevermore.

'Mid the spirit's harp-strings stealing,
He has touched the chords of feeling;
And from out those depths mysterious
Heav'nly strains are sent to cheer us,
When the struggle all is o'er,
And we grieve the Dove—no more.

Scenes like these, are acting near us,
God is present—may he hear us;
In these forms around us crowding,
Some may weave their spirit's shrouding.
Hover, Holy Dove—still o'er:
Leave, ah! leave us—nevermore.

Lenten Season, 1852.

A Husband's Cry of Anguish.

"ALL THY WAVES HAVE GONE OVER ME."

LIKE to the harp, when through its strings are stealing
Mysterious melody, stirred by the air;
So is the heart, whose faintest chord of feeling
Reaches beyond the stars, and wakens there
His sympathy, who scarcely hears the sound,
Ere near to watch its harpings, he is found.

Out of the depths of woe, my heart is calling
To thee, my Savior! in this dismal hour;
Low in the dust, before thy footstool kneeling,
Oh! hide me near thy side, when tempests lower.
Thou hast sweet sympathy with sorrow's tear:
To weeping Christians, thou art ever near.

Not 'mid the festive seenes, where joy is smiling,
Wert thou, our burden-bearer, often found;
Not where the song of mirth, life's hours beguiling,
But where the wail of woe breathes plaintive sounds.
Smiles were not worn by thee; slow falling tears
Became our Lord, who all our sorrows bears.

Now, while the waves of woe are rolling o'er me,
Oh! show me where to place my trembling feet,
When earth is failing, and there lies before me
The wreck of all which made my home so sweet.
From off a stricken hearth, on thee I call:
Oh! leave me not, lest grief my heart appal.

Out of the sorrow of my darkened chamber,
Out of the stillness of my gloomy hall;
Where oft my darling to my knees would clamber,
When blest, I listened to her infant call.
Out of those depths of anguish, hear my cry,
Thou, who didst never pass the weeping by.

Out of the loneliness of that sad hour,
When we were wont to worship, side by side;
Still, still unconscious led by habit's power,
I find my heart still praying, "Bless my bride."
All solitary now—I pray alone,
O, hear me! from thy everlasting throne.

Give me the glass of faith to see the beaming
Which from the Savior's tomb, sends out its light;
Down thro' the tombs of all his saints, now streaming,
Scatt'ring forever, death's appalling night.
Then, when I leave the precious dust with thee,
Teach me to look beyond, where they are free.

Give me the glass of faith, to see the meeting
Full of entrancing joy, and sweet surprise;
Scarce has the mother's spirit heard Heaven's greeting,
Ere her heart's darling meets her wond'ring eyes:
There would I leave them: teach my heart to say,
"Thy holy will be done:" I would obey.

And yet, my Lord! thou wilt forgive the anguish
That wrings my bosom, as I miss her voice;
When for her smile of love, my soul must languish:
For her sweet presence did my heart rejoice.
Thou! who did'st weep at Lazarus' early tomb,
Pity the grief which fills my lonely home.

A three-fold cord now draws my heart to Heaven:
Three golden links, now bind my spirit there;
Three angel spirits to my faith are given,
Whose voices seem to whisper on the air.
O! may this three-fold tie allure me hence:
May faith soon triumph over drowsy sense.

Good-Night.

"FOR SO HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP."

LIFE'S conflicts over, while angels hover
Around the dying saint, tho' out of sight;
'Mid peaceful slumbers, which Jesus numbers,
He folds his weary arms, and smiles good-night.

Good-night to sorrow; he'll wake to-morrow,
When the deep slumbers of the tomb are o'er;
Death brings no terror, no voice of horror
To him, who rests secure in Jesus' power.

Farewell to anguish! no more to languish
'Neath sin and Satan's fierce assaulting might;
To dark temptation, heirs of salvation
Bid in the dying hour, a last good-night.

If friends of Jesus, death only frees us,
Tho' sad the parting, 'tis a short good-night;
Where naught can sever, we'll dwell forever,
And find the lost again, in realms of light.

In Jesus' keeping, dead saints are sleeping,
Waiting till the last trump to burst the tomb;
O, blessed morning! when back returning
The Savior comes, to call his wand'rers home.

From their long slumbers, in countless numbers,
The sleepers wake at first, with sweet surprize;
O, change how glorious! when first victorious,
The mortal, made immortal, seeks the skies.

When fresh awaking, the dead are shaking,
Methinks the motion of their angel wings,
Like first-tried pinions, 'mid death's dominions,
May struggle with the dust, which to them clings.

One breath of Heaven, and power is given,
To rise triumphant to the realms of light:
O'er death victorious, the dust made glorious,
Bids to the grave forevermore—good-night.

'Tis then good-morning! lost friends returning,
Hailing with joy, the resurrection morn;
Whose sun bright-shining, no more declining,
Beams all around an everlasting noon.

The Name of Jesus.

"UNTO YOU, WHICH BELIEVE, HE IS PRECIOUS."

THERE'S a name in my bosom hidden,
More dear than all beside;

'Tis the blessed name of Jesus,
The Lamb once crucified.
There's magic in the whisper
Of the one beloved name;
To fright away temptation,
And demons dire to tame.

'Tis like to precious ointment,
Spreading its fragrance round:
Free as the air which scatters it,
Its odors sweet abound.
The heart of man hath its longings,
How deep no tongue can tell;
Down in its silent chambers,
There's a deep and boundless well.

Out of those depths mysterious,
Comes like a spirit's moan,
A voice reaching up to Heaven,
Heard in those courts alone.
That voice calls out for pardon:
Our Father hears the cry;
The precious name is whispered:
Faith anchors in the sky.

'Tis like soft strains of music,
Soothing the spirit's woes;
But breathing sweeter melodies,
It brings the soul repose.
More mild than breath of evening,
More calm than summer lake;
'Tis far above all harmonies
Which of the earth partake.

'Tis like a clue of silver thread,
Which in sin's thorny maze
Is dropped from Heaven, to guide us safe
Through earth's entangled ways.
'Tis like a light, which shines from far,
When midnight blasts assail;
Guiding the storm-tost mariner,
Safe through the fearful gale.

'Tis like the greeting of a friend
In the poor captive's cell;
Who comes of sweet deliverance,
The joyful news to tell.
'Tis like the rainbow's glorious arch,
Which, spanning earth around,
Proclaims in tones of sweetest love,
Blest notes of mercy's sound.

It soothes the pillow of the saint,
It gilds the dying hour,
It takes from death the poisoned sting,
And from the grave its power.
It guides the ransomed soul safe home,
E'en to the heavenly gates:
Where angels watch to hear that name,
As they obedient wait.

The names of friends may fade away,
From mem'ry's dark'ning cells;
When death and weakness cloud the mind,
And Jordan's billows swell.
But saints, quite dead to earthly things,
Have at the blessed sound

Of Jesus' name, woke up with joy,
And in that, comfort found.

That name presents my feeble prayers,
Perfumed with precious blood:
That name avails for me to plead
Before the throne of God.
My elder brother feels for me,
With rev'rence speak it low;
For me, a child of dust and sin;
For me, an heir of woe.

The name of Jesus sheds a light,
On all our earthly joys;
It gilds the Christian's fireside,
It all our dross destroys.
It sanctifies the Christian's home;
It blesses morn and even;
It binds more closely those who love,
And hope to meet in heaven.

Breathings after Christ.

YES, thou art holy, high and lofty One!
All God's perfections dwell alone in thee:
The bright and morning star, the glorious sun,
All fail to show thy boundless majesty.
O, that the Spirit of my Lord might come,
And in my sinful bosom, make His home.

Oh! I would gaze on Jesus, till on me
His moral likeness fully is impressed:
Till on my spirit, I may humbly see
Those heavenly traits which make me truly blest;
Thus changed into His image, day by day,
I may be like Him, while on earth I stay.

Sometimes, a vision of my Savior seems
In the dim distance, e'en to smile on me,
But misty veils of sense obscure His beams,
And but faint glimpses of my Lord I see.
Oh! for the glass of faith to bring Him near,
Then would these shadowy clouds all disappear.

What, tho' these misty vapors intervene
To hide my Savior from my longing eyes!
His nature knows no change; clouds only seem
To make His beams more bright when they arise.
Then let me trust my Savior, day by day,
Till landed where these shadows pass away.

Oft, when the favored hour of faith draws near,
And all is peace and blessedness within,
Sudden, dark spirits of the pit appear,
To drown my trembling soul in floods of sin.
Naught but the standard of Almighty power,
Can shelter me, in dark temptation's hour.

Like the poor captive bird, who beats her wings
'Gainst her barred prison, struggling to be free,
Till some kind pitying hand deliverance brings
Unbars her cage, and gives her liberty;

Thus strives in vain the tost and tempted soul,
Till Christ's almighty voice her foes control.

Sighing, despairing, struggling, all in vain,
The fettered spirit sinks amid her foes;
When Jesus' powerful hand unlinks the chain,
Bringing the captive mourner, sweet repose:
Bounding with joy, the soul from sin set free,
Basks in the sunlight of her liberty.

The Two Mountains:

SINAI AND CALVARY.

COME with me, fellow traveller to the skies;
And stand beside me, near the awful mount:
Let us to Sinai raise our wondering eyes,
And tremble while the story we recount.
Thunders are rolling with appalling tones;
Lightnings are flashing round its awful peak;
The quaking earth, God's mighty presence owns;
And 'mid these terrors, hear Jehovah speak.

He speaks the mandates of His holy law,
In accents stern, with majesty severe:
Mortals attend! with reverential awe,
And tremble while its fearful tones ye hear.
Like a stern judge, there stands the fiery law,
With sword uplifted, ready to descend:

Who can the stroke escape, when justice draws,
And through the ranks of rebels, ruin sends.

I hear its trumpet tones, as uttered loud,
They seem to echo from high Heaven's throne;
Countless transgressions on my mem'ry crowd,
And if no help is found, I am undone.
But what bright angel, guides my trembling feet
Almost despairing to another mount,
Where I would to a listening world repeat
Scenes, which angelic hosts gladly recount.

There hangs the bleeding victim slain for us;
There groans the innocent for sinner's guilt;
There was the law atoned for, rebels thus
Are pardoned, through the blood thus freely spilt.
There nature sympathized, and heaved a groan,
Which shook her centre, when her Maker died,
The sun refused to shine, and man alone
Still spurned the Savior; mocked the crucified.

But we have come to Zion's holy mount,
And to the blest assembly of the just;
Here may we find a never failing fount
Where we may bathe our souls with holy trust.
Sinai's terrific voice in accents loud,
Drives us to Calvary, there alone we learn
The way to Zion, let us grateful crowd
Till all creation to the Lord are turned.

To Our Pastor,

ON HIS DEPARTURE FOR THE HOLY LAND.

CALM be the bosom of the rolling ocean,
Which bears our pastor to a distant land,
Wafting his bark along with gentle motion,
By unseen hands.
When by its swelling billows we are parted,
Then may our Father kindly watch o'er thee;
Yet binding closely still all the true-hearted,
Who bend the knee.
May the blest dove of peace be ever near thee,
Fanning its gentle winds around thy head;
Still singing soothing hymns when thou art weary,
Around thy bed.
May the sweet nightingale of mem'ry hover,
At evening hour close to thy beating heart;
In gushing songs of rapture, trilling over
With witching art.
Calling up faces of the fondly cherished,
Which like to moving pictures quickly pass;
But not like magic views so soon to perish,
Of brittle glass.
For there are mem'ries in the holy union,
Which binds the pastor and his flock as one;
Which must endure, while yet the saint's communion
Still stretcheth on.
Thou hast been with us in the joyous hour,
When youthful hearts have pledged the marriage-vow;
And in return, we pray God's love and power
May bless thee now.

And thou hast whispered peace around the dying,
In the deep tenderness of faithful prayer;
And bid us look where neither sin nor sighing
Can taint the air.
Naught but the kindness of a Christ-like father,
Can I remember at our pastor's hands;
The meek forbearance of a mother, rather,
Before me stands.
If in a thoughtless hour, I have ever
Laid but a feather's weight upon thy heart
So heavy burdened—now forgive, forever
Ere ye depart.
Thy feet will tread the land of sacred story,
The spot where laid our Savior's cradle-bed;
The stream baptismal, where the Lord of glory
Bowed low His head.
The garden, where in deepest woe He languished,
The trees 'neath which was stretched His prostrate form;
Where wrath was poured on Him in bitter anguish,
Like fiercest storm.
The Via Dolorosa, and the mountain,
Where hung the crucified, for sinners slain;
There may'st thou feel the value of that fountain;
Its precious gain.
May the Lord's faithful watch, in safety keep thee,
When we are absent from each other's sight:
From every evil may His love defend thee,
By day—by night.
May angels guide thy vessel safely over
The dark blue sea, to where thy heart would be:
With outspread wings, may they securely cover
Thy home, and thee.

To a Beloved Pupil.

'TWAS in the days of ancient yore,
In favored Israel's land;
There lived a king, whose word alone,
Whole armies could command.
Strong to contend with mortal foes,
One foe he could not tame:
Who oft in dark temptation's hour,
The lofty one o'ercame.

The scowling brow, and angry glance
Told when the foe was near,
Who then could help the kingly Saul?
Who then the wretched cheer?
'Twas David's harp, and David's voice,
Alone could charm away,
Those fierce assaults of ghostly power,
And turn that night to day.

But soothed by him, the spirit fled,
Subdued by gentle sounds
Of heav'nly music's thrilling strains,
Spreading sweet peace around;
Thus, rising passion clouds thy brow,
And oft disturbs thy peace:
Oh! for some pow'r, whose mighty voice
Would bid the tempest cease.

I'd be to thee, like David's harp
Of sweetly soothing pow'r;

And whisper near thee, words of peace,
  In passion's troubled hour.
But David's harp, and friendship's voice
  Are all alas ! in vain
Unless the Spirit's breath descends
  And wakes a heav'nly strain.

Come then, Oh! blessed Spirit come,
  And shed upon my boy,
The breath of Heav'n's celestial light,
  And fill that heart with joy.
Not earthly joy, which fades away,
  Like dew on summer even;
But such as fills an angel's heart,
  And forms the bliss of Heaven.

Thus, tuned to those celestial notes,
  Thy heart may learn to join
The blissful minstrels of the sky,
  In hymns of praise divine.
Thy hand may strike an angel's harp,
  Than David's far more sweet:
Thy feet may tread the shining way
  Of Heaven's golden street.

For Bereaved Parents.

LITTLE JOSEPH.

In a chamber sad and quiet,
  Where a couch of suff'ring stood;

With kind friends to watch beside it,
Waiting for the will of God.
Lay a loved one, sorely stricken,
Pale and suff'ring, weak and wan;
On his brow so plainly written:
"Jesus calls, I must be gone."

Mem'ry paints his form so wasted,
And the face so sadly grave;
Just as tho' his soul had tasted
Drops of death's mysterious wave.
Naught could charm him, naught could waken,
Smiles upon that pallid face;
And the little frame so shaken,
Gently sank in death's embrace.

Left the home where he was cherished,
And the bosom where he laid;
Early stricken, early perished,
Sad the household he has made.
Mother, is not this the picture
Which is hung on mem'ry's wall?
Keeping bright each speaking feature;
Ever answ'ring to thy call.

Raise thine eyes from earth to Heaven,
See the bright and shining throng,
Freely all their sins forgiven,
Loud they sing redemption's song.
On the banks of life's blest river,
Flowing near the throne of God,
There they rest in peace forever,
Washed in Jesus' precious blood.

'Mong the throng of blessed spirits,
Two are walking hand in hand;
Called together to inherit
Mansions in the better land.
Oft were heard their infant voices
Singing of the "happy land;"
Now the heav'nly throng rejoices,
As they join the blessed band.

Mother, look not 'mong the dying
For your fondly cherished child,
Think not where his dust is lying
In the grave, soiled and defiled.
Think of bliss, pure and unending;
Think of everlasting joy;
Oft in faith to Heav'n ascending,
There behold your angel-boy.

Jesus oft has kindly wooed you,
Now he takes your lamb away,
Not to wound you, but to lead you
After him in wisdom's way.
Seek to know his precious Savior,
Seek to follow him above;
In your Heav'nly Father's favor,
Seek to find your joy, your love.

St. Stephen's Bells.

COME to Jesus, come to Jesus,
Sweetly sound the Sabbath chimes,
From distracting cares they free us,
Weekly marking holy time—
Come to Jesus,
Peaceful rings the blessed rhyme.

Mortals dying, mortals dying,
We their solemn requiem toll;
Winds around us sadly sighing
Oft for lost and ruined souls—
Gone forever
To their everlasting goal.

Saints departed, saints departed,
Hopeful sounds their fun'ral knell;
Comforting the broken-hearted,
Rest in Jesus, tolls the bell—
Rest in Jesus,
Seems upon the air to swell.

The Stricken Exile.

IN the land of my sad exile,
Clouds and darkness gathered round;

Dreary hours of deep dejection,
Oft my weeping spirit found.
In the evening hour of twilight,
Comes my mother to her child:
Sits beside me in the gloaming—
Smiling then as once she smiled.

Then a sister's gentle accents
Often whisper loving words;
And my heart is almost bursting
For the tones that once I heard;
Tones which echo from the distance,
Over hill, and dale, and sea;
Looks of love and tender greeting,
Shall they ever visit me?

Oft in dreams, as in my childhood,
Sporting by the beauteous Rhine:
Come the faces fondly cherished—
Mother, sister, they are thine.
Bathed in tears of joy, I waken,
The sweet vision all has fled,
Shall I ever see those loved ones?
Ah! to me they are as dead.

* * * *

Late there rose, amid the darkness,
Like a rainbow in my Heaven;
A sweet spirit, pure and lovely,
To my lonely heart was given.
Like a sunbeam brightly shining
O'er a cold and wintry sky;
She diffused such rays of sunshine,
Lightened by her lustrous eyes.

Like a lute, whose melting music
Soothes my spirit into peace;
Sweet she bade my weary wand'rings
By her faithful side to cease.
Late, I found this precious treasure,
All her store of love was mine;
Like the pilgrim of Mohammed,
Late, I reached my Mecca's shrine.

But, alas! the howling tempest,
Quenched my rainbow's rosy-light:
Faded then my precious sumbeam,
Sank its rays in dismal night.
And the lute's soft notes grew fainter,
Piercing-sweet its dying tone:
Till at last it ceased forever,
And my heart was left alone.

Scarce our vows of love were plighted,
Ere she faded from my sight;
None to love the hapless exile—
None to cheer my dreary night.
Crowned with spring's sweet buds and blossoms,
Pale she lay, a youthful bride,
Clad in vestal robes of whiteness,—
She who once was all my pride.

Like a flower crushed and broken,
All its tendrils rudely torn;
Soiled and withered, sadly trailing
Lowly in the dust forlorn.
On her grave, our hands are strewing,
Flowers that ne'er again will bloom;

But when dawns the spring eternal,
We shall look for her to come.

On our day of joyous bridal,
She was given to the tomb;
There we laid her precious relics,
In the hope of joys to come.
Let us look beyond the portals
Of her everlasting rest,
Where we trust that she is sheltered,
Safe upon her Savior's breast.

Let me look from earth to Heaven,
Laying up my treasure there;
Where no earthly foes can reach me
Thieves can never enter there.
Let my footsteps pressing onward,
Seek for Heaven's enduring rest:
Where the ransomed are united—
Where the righteous all are bless'd.

Conjugal Affection.

"WE HAVE GROWN OLD TOGETHER."

WE have grown old together,
And I feel that we must part;
The chill of age is on us,
But it has not reached our heart.

I see your locks of silver,
Time's angel placed them there;
They look like rays of glory,
When your head is bowed in prayer.

The cottage I remember,
And the little wicket-gate,
Where in the shades of ev'ning,
For your coming I would wait.
Those moonlights I remember,
And our parting at the stile;
I can hear "Good-night, my Mary;"
I can see your loving smile.

The church where we were wedded,
And our humble little home,
Where with a true and pious heart,
You bade your Mary come.
Ah! John, you've been a faithful friend,
Through fifty changing years;
You've borne with all my weakness,
And wiped away my tears.

Ours has been an humble lot:
But we've always been content
To tread a lowly path in life,
So long as God hath lent
The treasure of each other's love,
To cheer us on our way
To mansions in the Heavens,
In the world of upper day.

No chilling words have ever passed
Your lips, my faithful John,

And yours has been a noble heart,
For your wife to lean upon.
I bless you now, my husband,
For your love so warm and true,
Which never failed, tho' youthful charms
Have faded from your view.

At morning, and at ev'ning,
We have sought the throne of grace,
And round the table of our Lord,
In the same familiar place,
We've ate the feast together,
Of a Savior's dying love.
O, bless'd the hope, that we shall sit
At the marriage-feast above.

We've had our earthly trials,
But they all were for our good;
For they brought the sweet experience
Of the goodness of our God.
When we laid away our darling,
In the freshness of her bloom;
When our hearts were almost breaking,
As we closed her early tomb.

Ah! then the chain grew stronger,
And the golden links more bright,
Which bound our hearts together,
In the depths of sorrow's night.
And now they are most sacred,
For in sight we almost stand,
Of death's mysterious river;
In view of the better land.

We are walking on united,
To the borders of the flood
Which wafts the blessed spirits
To the bosom of their God.
O, could we cross together,
With the Savior for our guide,
No fears could e'er alarm us,
'Mid the roaring of the tide.

But long we can't be parted,
For the sands of life are low;
And though the first to Heaven,
It may be, that you may go;
O, sweet will be our greeting,
When we reach the heavenly shore;
Beyond the swelling billows,
We shall meet, to part no more.

"Mother, is God Dead?"

IN a chamber, sat forlorn,
Widowed wife, with anguish torn;
On her brow were written there,
Naught but lines of dark despair.
Near the mother stood her child,
Gazing on her sorrow wild;
Simple were the words he said,
"Mother dear, is God, too, dead?"

Like an arrow firmly bent,
These few words conviction sent:
Up to Heaven she raised her eye,
"No, my child, God cannot die."
Soothing tears her spirit poured
O'er her artless monitor:
Warm the sweet affections gushed,
As her murmurs all were hushed.

Resignation stooped to press
On her cheek a mild caress,
Bade her dark repinings cease,
Filled her soul with heavenly peace.
One more glance toward the grave,
One more bow 'neath sorrow's wave;
Then the little hand she pressed,
Laid it on her aching breast.

One more prayer to Heav'n was sent,
Then to duty forth she went;
Calm and peaceful was her mien,
Walking in her faith serene,
Meekly treading in the road,
Which would lead her home to God.
Living, praying for the boy,
Hence would be her blest employ.

The Other Side.

To a happy household,
  Death's sad message came;
And from out the circle,
  Took a little lamb.
'Twas a precious darling,
  A fond mother's pride;
Yet too soon it vanished
  From her loving side.

Said a little brother,
  With sad feelings moved:
"Who will tend the baby,
  With a mother's love?"
"After his long journey,
  (Then he sadly sighed,)
Who will take the baby,
  On the other side?"

Angels will conduct it,
  Safely all the way,
Till it reach the mansions
  Of eternal day.
Stands the blessed Jesus
  Near the swelling tide;
He will take our darling,
  On the other side.

There 's no scorching fever,
  There 's no chilling breath,

There no nights of anguish,
  There no tears, no death,
There no angry passions,
  There no naughty pride;
Sin can never reach him,
  On the other side.

There are palms of victory,
  There are harps of gold,
There are joys so perfect,
  As can ne'er be told.
There we leave our darling,
  Blest and purified;
Safe in Jesus' bosom,
  On the other side.

When, our warfare over,
  We arrive at home,
And beyond the Jordan,
  We have safely come.
Brought at last to Heaven,
  By the crucified,
We shall meet our Willy
  On the other side.

The Last of the Household.

THERE stood 'mid this desert
  Of earth's fleeting scenes,

A blooming oasis,
All lovely and green;
'Twas the home of affection,
Where heart joined to heart,
In acts of endearment,
Each bearing a part.

But alas! to this household
The spoiler has come,
To mar its soft beauty,
And darken this home.
For blightings have entered
With poisonous breath,
And a dark cloud hangs over,
'Tis the shadow of death.

He breathed 'mid the circle,
And ah! sad to tell,
That both father and mother
'Neath the blight quickly fell.
Two sisters, one brother,—
So cherished, so dear,
Soon followed the lost ones;
Only one lingered here.

Like the last leaf of autumn,
All blighted and lone,
As trembling it flutters,
To the winds plaintive moan;
Till a chill blast comes sweeping,
'Mid the forest so drear;
And the last leaf lies prostrate,
All withered and sere.

And like a fair flower
To the tempest she bends,
When it rages around her,
But chastened ascends.
When the pure light of Heaven
Beams brightly once more;
She rises in meekness
More blest than before.

She sat mid her dwelling,
All weeping and lone,
For her heart's dearest treasures
From her bosom had gone.
She stood 'mid its chambers,
But silence was there;
No tones of affection,
Fell sweet on her ear.

'Twas the last of the household,
A poor, stricken deer;
But she found a blest shelter,
For Jesus was near.
To bind up her sorrows,
The Savior has come,
And kindly, and gently
Has taken her home.

Bring Tears.

BRING tears, there is a healing balm,
A sweetly soothing power,

In every pearly drop that flows,
'Mid sorrow's darkest hour.
Tears for the stricken mourner's heart,
When God, with faithful love
Recalls the loved ones He has given,
And garners them above.

Not tears of deep, rebellious pride,
Which harden as they flow;
But chastened, sweet, and sacred drops,
Bringing the spirit low.
Tears such as dimmed the Savior's eye,
As bending o'er the tomb
Of one he loved, when back to earth,
He bade the spirit come.

Bring tears to penitential hearts
When freely, all forgiven,
They melt beneath redeeming love,
And taste the joys of Heaven.
Give mirthful smiles to worldly hearts,
Who waste life's fleeting years;
But give to me, the soothing balm
Of sanctifying tears.

'Tis sweeter far, with Christ to mourn,
Than careless to rejoice
With those, who scorn His bleeding cross,—
Who never heed His voice.
Then let the giddy sons of earth
Banish their guilty fears;
Give, give to me, the sacred joy
Of grateful, holy tears.

The Closing Year.

ANOTHER year has passed away,
And we on earth remain;
But who can say, on such a day,
We e'er shall meet again?
For like the fading of a flower,
Or bird upon the wing,
So swiftly speeds each fleeting hour,
So fades our life's young spring.

Like to the flowing of the tide,
Like to the shooting star,
Or like all transient things beside,
Our waning moments are.
The flower fades before 'tis noon,
The bird is quickly gone,
The meteor's flash must vanish soon,
The flowing tide rolls on.

Thus while our mortal life decays,
Eternity steals on:
O! let us now in youth's bright day,
Secure a heavenly crown.
Voices come calling from the skies,
Bidding us quickly come,
And hasten to secure a prize,
In Jesus' blessed home.

Beset with dangers all around,
Jesus, to thee we come,

Cause us to heed the gracious sound,
Conduct thy wand'rers home.
O! breathe upon our every heart,
The spirit of thy love;
Then joyful we from earth shall part,
To dwell with thee above.

The Moravian Requiem.

It is customary among the Moravians, at Bethlehem, to announce the departure of a member of the community, from the steeple of the church adjoining the cemetery, by three most delicious strains of wild and plaintive melody on the trombones. The middle stanzas always designates the age and sex of the individual. I heard it for the first time at sunset, in the cemetery, unexpectedly; the effect was indescribable; the custom is beautiful, sweetly expressive of brotherhood, whereby the family is made acquainted with the departure of one of its members.

At twilight hour, when mem'ry's power
Wakes up the visions of the buried past,
From earth retreating, soft silence greeting,
I wandered, where the weary rest at last.

The sun retiring, sad thoughts inspiring,
I mused in solemn silence, 'mid the dead;
When softly stealing, death's call revealing,
Sounds of low wailing from the tower were sped.

First faintly swelling, the tidings telling,
In notes of piercing anguish, one has gone;
We've lost another, a youthful brother;
Mourn for a home bereft, a spirit flown.

The notes of anguish first seem to languish,
Like to the moanings of a parting sigh;
Then raptured swelling, a tale they're telling,
Of triumph over death, of victory.

High strains ascending, seem to be blending
With angel bands, who hover near the scene;
They speak of Heaven, of sins forgiven,
Of everlasting peace, and joy serene.

While sadly floating, death's doings noting,
Methinks that as on ev'ning breeze they swell,
'Mid friends, deep sighing, I hear the dying
Murmur in faintest accents, friends farewell!

Farewell! my mother; farewell! my brother;
Farewell! my partners in a common bond:
With you united, one faith we plighted:
No more we'll meet on earth, but look beyond.

That hand is blighted, which once delighted,
With you, to waken notes of melody,
Then, when ye gather, think of the brother
Who loved to meet you all, in harmony.

A harp in Heaven, to me is given;
And as its strings, my hands with rapture sweep,
Its strains melodious, while floating o'er us,
Send out no notes to make the spirit weep.

Farewell to sorrow! I'll wake to-morrow,
When the long slumber of the tomb is o'er:
Then rising glorious, o'er death victorious,
We'll meet, we'll meet, where partings are no more.

Thus wails the trombone, and as each low tone,
Breathes a sad requiem for death's frequent calls,
'Tis sweet to render this tribute tender,
Whene'er a brother from among ye falls.

Bethlehem Cemetery, July, 1850.

To a Friend on Christmas Day.

EVERGREEN BRANCHES.

SPRING has departed, and summer has flown;
Autumn has vanished, and winter has come;
Faded the flowers, and strewn are the leaves,
Keen blows the wintry blast thro' forest trees.
Yet as the glories of autumn depart,
Evergreen branches still gladden our hearts.

Thus, tho' the flowers of hope fade away;
Thus, tho' the joys of our life fast decay;
The spring of the heart, still remains fresh and green,
While the far distant land of the blessed is seen.
Tho' the season of winter be cheerless and drear,
Its evergreen branches our sad spirits cheer.

With a branch in my hand, of these evergreen boughs,
I would stand at thy door, and say, "Peace to thee" now,
'Tis Christmas! bright Christmas! Oh heart-stirring word!
In the depths of each bosom, its echo is heard,

Often mingled with sadness, as loved ones decay,
While the heart sighs in sorrow for friends far away.

Tho' an evergreen bough, yet the cypress is seen,
Mingling its dark leaves with living green;
It tokens bereavement, it bends o'er the tomb,
But it speaks of a spirit, forever at home.
And the bright Christmas branches, with which it is twined,
Are emblems most fitting, of his faith and thine.

Then, tho' from the circle, which girdles thy home,
A loved one is missing, who never can come
To gladden thee here, yet him thou shalt see,
When safe over Jordan, thy spirit is free.
Then, still may I wish thee, a Christmas most blest,
While pressing on daily to that heavenly rest.

The Convict's Cell.

In the dark prison's cell,
Where malefactors dwell,
Near to the verge of hell,
In mute despair;
Guilt on that hardened brow,
Sits as a monarch now,
Crouched down in sullen woe,
Behold one there!

One, whom a mother weeps,
In silent anguish deep,
While others calmly sleep
Through midnight hours.
Shall we in bitter scorn
Turn from the wretch forlorn,
Leaving him all alone
In darkness' power?

No—like the woman blest,*
Who, with heroic breast,
Sought by love's tenderness,
Souls to reclaim.
Or like to Jesus, when
'Mong proud and haughty men
Blessed e'en a Magdalen
Bowed down in shame.

Let us, with kindly hand,
'Mong the forsaken stand,
And by love's wond'rous wand,
Lift them above
All that had maddened them,
All that had saddened them;
Teach them, they still are men,
Won back by love.

Show them, there is a road,
Back to a gracious God,
Where they may leave the load,
Of pardoned sin.

*Mrs. Fry.

Kindness will melt the rock,
Which firm against the shock,
Can dare the dungeon's lock,
Or jailer grim.

Kindness hath melted down
Natures as hard as stone;
Tears gushing fast, have flown
Down savage cheeks,
When the deep fountain stirr'd
By a kind, loving word,
In the heart, has been heard
Sin's chains to break.

Memory's Tribute.

MEM'RY lingers, mem'ry lingers
Round my childhood's early home:
Beck'ning with impressive fingers,
As its household spirits come.
There I see a sainted mother
Smiling on me as of yore;
There a dear and cherished brother,
Gone from earth forevermore.

Summer gath'rings in the wild wood;
Sportings on the village green,
Thoughtless joys of early childhood,
Oh! how fresh, and pure, and green.

Birthday presents fondly cherished,
Tokens of the tender love,
Which from earth, alas! has perished,
Leaving me alone to rove.

Christmas greetings! Christmas greetings!
With its eve so full of joy,
New Year's days of happy meeting;
Bliss almost without alloy!
Now, the hands once fondly pressing
Mine, in grasps of fervent love;
Eyes that smiled, and lips caressing,
Silent lie, in dust unmoved.

Now, the old-mill is deserted,
Where amid its shallow stream,
Merry peals of the light-hearted,
Fill'd the air with shout and scream.
Running barefoot, heads uncovered,
Up and down the creek we chased,
Near us, sprites of mischief hovered,
Gleaming in each sportive face:

Then the dashing, then the dashing,
Of the water from the race,
Sang and danced, as it came plashing,
With a merry sportive pace.
Now, the water falling slowly,
Though it is the very same,
Seems to moan in dirges lowly,
Murmuring departed names.

Youthful visions! youthful visions!
How they throng around me now!

When the world seemed all Elysian,
  Arched by hope's celestial bow.
Young affections, early blighted,
  All its tendrils severed wide;
Turned to Heav'n, and close united,
  Clasped a Savior's bleeding side.

The Pastor's Crown.

THERE is a crown of dazzling light,
  Reserved above for those
Who, clad in Heaven's panoply,
  Have vanquished all their foes.
Who scorning earth's most tempting joys,
  Have counted all but loss;
And with a high and holy aim,
  Have gloried in the cross.

Bright hopes are theirs, and holy joys
  Mysterious, solemn, sweet:
Could e'er a mortal tongue attempt
  Such rapture to repeat?
'Tis such as fills an angel's heart
  When bending 'neath the throne,
He views the rivers of delight,
  And calls them all his own.

How stoops the soul to grovelling joys,
  Who once on eagle's wings

Of faith and love, has mounted up,
Above terrestrial things:
Can such a heaven-born spirit e'er
Forget the boundless love
Which sought him wandering, found him lost,
And fixed his hopes above.

Ah! no—a pilgrim's lot is his,
The world beneath his feet;
Heaven in his eye, Christ in his heart,
Make all his crosses sweet.
Following where his Master led,
A shepherd he becomes,
And 'mid the howling wilderness,
He brings poor wanderers home.

He watches with untiring zeal,
And weeps in earnest prayer;
When others sleep, he troubled wakes
Oppressed with anxious care.
Tho' sinners scorn his warning voice,
And still refuse to hear,
He watches still, and prays, and strives,
Nor can his soul forbear.

And when at last, subdued by grace,
One wanderer returns,
What grateful praises fill his heart!
What joy within him burns!
One star for his victorious crown,
One ransomed soul from sin,
Who would not leave a flatt'ring world,
Such heavenly joy to win?

His holy work he still pursues,
As through the world he roams,
And to a Savior's outstretched arms,
He bids the weary come.
Meekly amid a thoughtless crowd,
His heavenly way he speeds;
Spending a life of toil on earth,
In high, and holy deeds.

At last, a welcome friend to him,
Behold the bridegroom comes;
Bidding him lay his armor down,
And gently takes him home.
Not with a startling brow of fear,
Nor with a threat'ning voice,
But as a messenger of love,
To bid his soul rejoice.

He comes to still his beating heart,
So oft by anguish riven,
To close on earth, his weeping eyes,
And bid them wake in Heaven.
To shut out sights, and sounds of sin,
To bring the weary rest,
And place his disembodied soul,
In mansions of the blest.

He sleeps in Jesus: angels watch
Above his lowly dust;
While ages roll, and swiftly come
The triumphs of the just.
The trumpet sounds, the dead arise,
And 'mid the crowd appears

The faithful pastor's radiant face,
No more bedewed with tears.

The martyrs' noble army there,
With holy prophets throng:
Apostles, and triumphant saints,
All swell the blissful song.
On earth, they meekly bore the cross,
But now, a crown is given;
Through tribulation it was won,
But all is peace in Heaven.

It is a crown of dazzling light;
'Twill grace the honored brow
Of him, who faithful to his trust,
Has kept his holy vow.
'Twill brighter shine, when sun and stars,
Have fled from Heav'n away,
For souls redeemed, shall deck it o'er,
With a celestial ray.

The Pastor's crown!—what priceless gems,
Triumphant he shall wear;
Of wanderers saved from death and sin,
And placed by Jesus there.
'Mid the bright gems, one star is seen,
'Tis one, who early taught
The sweetness of a Savior's love,
His all to Jesus brought.

In distant climes, his weary feet
Traversed the desert o'er,
To tell of Christ to heathen souls,
And bid them rove no more.

On burning sands, he laid him down
In weariness to die;
His dust reposes far from home,
His record is on high.

Another, sunk in lowest depths
Of sin's polluting snare,
But sought, and found by wond'rous grace,
Shines bright in glory there.
These are the stars, which deck the crown
Of glory, he shall win,
Who gains for others, and himself,
High conquest over sin.

When those of earth, have crumbled all
To dust, and passed away;
This brilliant gem forever shines,
In realms of endless day.
Who would not win this diadem
Of life, and light, and peace?
Who would not press to gain a prize
Whose glory ne'er shall cease?

My Faborite Garden.

I SAW a blooming garden
In this desert world of ours,
Decked with luxuriant clusters,
Of bursting buds, and flowers.

The neat and beauteous order,
The plants so fresh and green,
Told that a hand of skill was there,
Pervading all the scene.

The sunbeams shed their brightness,
The rain in gentle showers
Distilled its cool refreshing drops,
On all the opening flowers.
But 'mid these plants so favored,
Some drooped, and pined, and died;
And oft would drop their blossoms,
All withered, side by side.

And some would bear no blossoms,
No buds of beauty wear;
And marks of sad disorder
Told that a foe was there;
Who, when no eye beheld him,
With stealthy steps drew near,
And creeping round the tender roots,
Would fix his poison there.

And oft, at quiet evening
With skillful careful hand,
Amid his group of cherished plants,
The gardener would stand.
The drooping plants, he'd bind afresh,
Where'er a bud was found;
But barren ones he rooted up,
As cumb'rers of the ground.

Oft, when he viewed a blooming flower,
With looks of pitying love,

He gently moved it from the earth,
And planted it above.
But not till kind and gracious hands
Had pruned each branch with care,
Till ripe for Heaven, each bud would burst
In full luxuriance there.

The garden, is my tender group
Of beings, young and fair,
The plants, my loved and cherished ones,
Whom, on my heart I bear.
The sunbeams are those rays of light,
Which in the days of youth,
So freely shine on all alike,
Pointing to paths of truth.

The plants so frail and drooping,
Are children briefly given,
But early plucked by Jesus' hands,
Are garnered up in Heaven.
The barren plants so fruitless,
Are those, who born in sin,
Can bear no buds of beauty,
Till they are pure within.

The foe, so slyly creeping,
Is sin, and Satan's power,
Who taints the roots in darkness,
And blights the fairest flower.
But who so kind and gracious,
Does the plants so wisely tend?
'Tis the blest, the holy Savior,
'Tis the dying sinner's friend.

And when He comes at evening
Amid this group to stand,
What are the fruits He seeks for,
At each young being's hand?
He seeks for contrite sorrow,
For having grieved the Lord;
He seeks for faith, receiving
A Savior's gracious word.

He looks for sweet submission,
For gentleness and love;
A heart to Him devoted,
Who dwells in light above.
And when from earth He calls us,
And we His throne surround,
Teacher and taught united,
May we at last be found.

True Freedom.

FREEDOM! Oh! 'tis a sound
To stir the inmost soul
Of the captive slave, in fetters bound:
Let it sound from pole to pole.
Like to the pebble thrown
Into the briny sea;
Whose circling waves still follow on
Too far for eye to see.

So let the echo fly,
With voice of mighty power
Throughout the arches of the sky,
Till it reach from shore to shore.
Here in our native land,
We chant her natal strain,
For she was born on our rocky coast,
And cradled by noble men.

Her infancy was long:
Those nurses stern and rude,
Tho' they loved the child, yet their rigid sway
Her bounding youth subdued.
The freedom of her step,
They sought to tame by rule;
But the child was free, and soon escaped
From her childhood's early school.

Oppression's foreign hand,
Was laid on her in vain;
Sudden she sprang to form mature,
And burst her iron chain.
She stood among us then,
In majesty sublime;
Her eye flashed fire, and her step was firm,
She was made for stormy times.

Her voice was loud and clear,
It spoke in trumpet tones,
It startled all ranks of our countrymen;
It roused a Washington.
Her peals are echoing round,
With tones as clarion's shrill;

From the mountain-top, and the shady vale,
They are heard from hill to hill.

The despot hears her voice,
And he trembles on his throne:
He summons forth all his martial bands,
But her pealing notes roll on.
Thrones totter, monarchs fall,
Their crowns roll in the dust,
And they fly before the people's might,
As every tyrant must.

She was heard 'mid Alpine snows,
And despotism fell,
When her stirring notes, as they echoed far,
Waked up a William Tell.
She has knocked at prison doors,*
And their iron bolts gave way,
To bid the fettered ones go forth,
To the light of freedom's day.

She has reached the monarch's throne†
By forts encircled round,
In a few short hours this boasting one,
Was a helpless exile found.
Proud Austria fears her voice,
And girds her armor on;
Her peals are heard on the Tiber's waves;
She has roused e'en Papal Rome.

Rome! Rome! thy crushing power,
Freedom in vain would bind,

* The Bastile. † Louis Phillipe.

For her voice is heard in the Vatican,
She has woke the sleeping mind.
Light for the Emerald Isle,
Let Ireland now go free;
The nations all demand their right,
The right of liberty.

The eagle builds her nest,
'Mid rocks by tempests driven;
Her home is on the loftiest peak;
She dwells the nearest Heaven.
So Freedom really known
To be a lasting good,
Must bind the soul in willing bonds
Fast to the throne of God.

For he's a sin-bound slave,
Who spurns at righteous law,
And he alone is truly free,
Who bows with holy awe
Before Jehovah's name,
His is true liberty—
He's a true freeman, he alone
Whom Jesus Christ makes free.

Spurning at man's control
Base counterfeits there are;
Fierce anarchy is one fearful name,
She rides in a bloody car.
Where'er she steps her foot
She spreads the pall of night,
And freedom with disdainful mien,
From scenes like these takes flight.

When in her strong right hand
She holds the book divine,
With open page for all to read,
This, this will free the mind.
'Twill free the slave of sin,—
'Twill crush oppression's rod,
And bid the nations of the earth,
Go forth to serve their God.

Dark spirits then will fly
Down to their deep abode,
When they gaze upon a ransomed world,
Brought back in love to God.
Then peace will swift descend
Down to this earth again;
This will be liberty indeed,
When Jesus comes to reign.

I am Weary.

THE flowers of youth have fled,
Its chaplets all are dead;
Wither'd beneath my eye,
Its faded blossoms lie,
So sad and dreary;
While mem'ry hovers nigh,
My inmost heart replies,
That I am weary.

Once sailed my bark along
Life's joyous stream with song,
A long long time ago,
Its rippling waters flowed,
So bright and cheery.
But now its waves dash high,
And I can only cry
That I am weary.

Once air, and earth, and sky,
Were tinged with hope's bright dye;
And its celestial bow
Arched with its hallowed glow,
Scenes now so dreary.
Vanished those brilliant hues;
With folded hands, I muse,
For I am weary.

Now naught but plaintive notes
Around my dwelling floats;
For song of merry birds,
No more is gladly heard,
Warbling so clearly.
The days of joy are gone,
The ev'ning shades draw on,
And I am weary.

Now autumn tints appear,
Sadd'ning the passing year;
The sighing mournful breeze,
Seems wailing thro' the trees,
So sad and dreary.

Now of this bitter strife
With sin, and mortal life,
Alas! I'm weary.

Oppressed by cruel hands
Of woman crushing man,
Bowed down with earthy care,
No refuge now, but prayer
O Savior, hear me!
For thou hast felt the woe
Of the world's with'ring blow,
When thou wert weary.

Far spent life's dreary night,
Bursteth the morning light,
When flowers bloom again,
When youth returns, Oh! then
How blest and cheery!
Then to behold once more,
Friends who have gone before,
Where none are weary.

There streams immortal flow,—
There peaceful breezes blow:
O! for swift wings to soar
Where sin can come no more,
So dark and dreary.
There on the heavenly plains,
There safely yet remains,
Rest for the weary.

The Christian Graces Personified.

PENITENCE, FAITH, HOPE AND LOVE.

METHOUGHT I dreamed a holy dream,
Its light is round me still:
Oh! that the teachings of that hour
Would all my bosom fill.
I just had heard the Spirit's voice
Thro' the Almighty word,
Portray the fruits which all produce,
Who truly love the Lord.

Methought I saw in sorrow bowed,
With tearful, downcast eyes,
A form with human lineaments,
Passing me sadly by.
Figures of former friends drew near,
With thoughtless giddy air;
She heeded not their mocking tones;
Her lips were moved in prayer.

'Twas Penitence, I knew her voice,
Sighing in accents low,
"Where shall my burdened soul find rest,
Ah! whither shall I go?"
And yet there seemed about her face,
A struggling, glimmering ray,
Just like the first beams of the sun,
When storms have passed away.

Sudden my fancy carried me,
Far from my native shore,
To where the tempest-demon howls,
With voice of awful power.
And 'mid the ocean, on a rock,
A female form is seen,
Erect with graceful dignity,
And aspect all serene.

She clasps the cross; her lifted eye
Betrays no secret fear:
Tho' stormy tempests rage around,
She feels that God is near.
The thunders roar, the lightnings flash,
Her garments wildly fly;
I look in vain for quailing fear,
In Faith's uplifted eye.

Again I looked, and near me stood
A form of beauteous mien,
With waving hair, and smiling eyes,
A very sylph she seemed.
Her flowing robe of azure hue,
Her rosy lip and cheek,
Her buoyant step of airy grace,
Her title seemed to speak.

Around her bloomed earth's fairest flowers,
Behind her, sorrow's train;
And yet no look she cast on earth,
Nor thought on vanished pain.
'Twas Hope, the bright and lofty smile
Which lit her beaming eyes,

Was upward turned, and her steady gaze
Was fastened on the skies.

Another form of grace drew near,
A meek-eyed, pitying one;
The accents of a loving voice,
Murmured in every tone.
Her look was one of gentleness,
Her eye was soft and mild;
She'd smiles for joy, and tears for woe,
And pity for a child.

I saw her pass a palace by,
Where mirth and revel reigned,
To stop at misery's cottage door,
And smooth a bed of pain.
I saw her knock at prison doors,
With a kind angel hand;
Bent on her high and holy way,
'Mid vice undaunted stand.

I saw her watch the pale stars out
To sooth a dying bed,
And with the touch of tenderness,
To raise the drooping head.
I saw her leave the giddy throng
In life's bright, joyous day,
To lead the footsteps of the young,
From error's path away.

Over an erring brother's faults,
I saw her cast a veil:

I heard her check the slimy tongue,
Which whispered scandal's tale.
When sinners foamed, she fretted not,
Nor envied other's lot;
Nor, filled with pride and selfishness,
Her mission e'er forgot.

All things she bore, all things believed,
And in her simple faith,
All things she hoped for, trusting still
To what her Savior saith.
So much of Heaven was in her mien,
She must be from above:
On earth she is but seldom seen:—
Her name is holy Love.

Methought the years went rolling on,
Like those beyond the flood;
Time was declared to be no more,
And we in judgment stood.
Yet still once more, I saw these forms
Like shadows come again,
Standing in waiting silence there,
A beauteous, graceful train.

Methought, I gazed on Penitence;
More shadowy still she seemed:
Sin being now forever slain,
She vanished like a dream.
Hope, too, was seen to fade away,
And Faith was lost to sight;
Tho' handmaids once, to guide the soul,
She needs no more their light.

But holy Love! what do I see?
A halo round her brow:
A shower of glory bathes her o'er,
As she stands transfigured now.
And from her form two silvery wings,
And from her eyes a light,
Which flashes immortality,
Ere she to Heaven takes flight.

She rises, and the glorious change
Is passed on every one,
Who once redeemed by Jesus' blood,
She set her seal upon.
Thus Faith and Hope no home can find,
Where all is fully known:
Love is the grace, which brings the saint
Nearest to Heaven's throne.

To the Reverend T. M. Clark.

ON HIS DEPARTURE FROM ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH, APRIL 18, 1847.

FAREWELL! and are we severed?
And must we hear no more
From lips familiar, blessed words
Of precious truth and power?
The thronging mem'ries of the past
Start from their slumbering cell;
And silent shadows of the dead
Seem with my soul to dwell.

The solemn tread of muffled feet
Seems falling all around;
And music, like a funeral wail,
Breathes but a mournful sound.
The days gone by! the days gone by!
Ah! how they come! they come,
Like visions of funereal trains
Bearing the loved ones home.

Stricken of God, we kissed the rod;
For why should we repine?
Life's labor done, and glory won,
In robes of light they shine.
Yet God from Heaven stooped down to hear
Our supplicating cry:
The clouds dispersed, and mercy brought
A faithful Shepherd nigh.

A few short years of blessedness,
And peace and holy joy;
St. Andrew's mourns—again bereft;
Sad notes our songs employ.
Not by the hand of death removed
To rest and peace in Heaven:
Or then we could in faith have said,
Take what thy love has given.

But we are called to bid thee go
Where friends of God are few;
To face the tempter in his power:
May Jesus guide thee through.
In hours of dark and deep distress,
May He forever be

A wall of fire, thee to surround,
In blest security.

Can we forget that thou hast borne
Our lambs to Jesus' feet;
And lips endeared by sacred ties,
Have taught them to repeat
The sacred truths of Jesus's love,
Till touched by heavenly truth,
Their spirits 'neath the cross have bowed,
In days of early youth.

Led by thy gentle, nursing hand,
How often thou hast stood
'Mid groups of youthful converts,
Whom thou hast led to God.
Thy voice has blessed the marriage-tie;
Thy hand has broke the bread;
That bread of everlasting life,
By which our souls are fed.

Thy form has hovered round the bed
Where dying friends have laid;
Thy lips have whispered comfort,
When kindly thou hast prayed.
Thou'st stood with us around the grave,
When, with a christian's trust,
Thy lips have uttered solemnly,
The thrilling "Dust to dust."

We know not now why thou must go:
In Heaven 'twill all be light:

Till then, we'll trust submissively,
In sorrow's darkest night.
But if our cries can aught avail,
Thy flock will ever pray
That Israel's God may succor thee
In every trying day.

Then think of us, on bended knee,
When each returning eve
Comes weekly, with its hallowed hour,
Bidding our spirits leave
The busy world, its thousand cares,
And turn our footsteps where
So oft together we have knelt,
Before the throne in prayer.

In prayer—Oh! sweet and blessed thought!
For thus a pledge is given,
That those who love a throne of grace,
Shall meet at last, in Heaven:
Shall meet, where partings are no more;
Where tears are wiped away;
And where the lamb shall be the light
Of everlasting day.

The Baptism of an Infant.

TO THE PARENTS OF ALETHEA. MAY, 1849.

HUSH! 'tis a solemn hour, and gathered round
The sacred chancel, stands a waiting crowd:

The looks expectant, and the murmuring sound
Of children, as they almost whisper loud.
The white-robed bishop, and the snowy font,
Ready another lamb 'mid Jesus' fold to count.

And soon amid the waiting group appears
The pastor, as a father, one of us;
The mother, with a gush of joyful tears
Bringing their infant, with firm Christian trust,
To Him, who said, "Let little children come,"
For such are with me, in my heav'nly home.

And now, behold! the smiling babe draws near,
And on its brow, is made the sacred sign:
Baptized in Jordan's waters, pure and clear;
Unconscious babe! high honors now are thine.
Oh, holy dove! who hovered near that shore,
Descend, and bless this infant evermore.

The chirping of thy touching, bird-like voice
Speaks of the happiness that reigns within.
What know'st thou? sweet one, but of infant joys,
Alas! that thou must wake to woe and sin;
For thou art woman, and her lot must be
To watch and suffer, till from earth set free.

What know'st thou, of the spirit's inward strife,
Or of the world in which thy body dwells?
All that rejoices now thy infant life
Is, that thine eye, a mother's smile can tell.
May thy young heart, in love forever rest,
In sweet affection, on a mother's breast.

But thou must know, by inward heartfelt woe,
That all thy nature is defiled with sin;
And thou must share the lot of all below,
Ere thou, a crown of endless life canst win.
In the first dawn of feeling, may'st thou know
With all these cares, to Jesus thou may'st go.

Then, welcome dear one, to thy Savior's arms!
Thy parents bring thee, with strong Christian faith:
Once safe in Jesus' bosom, free from harm,
Sweet are the words! which to their faith he saith:
Give me thy loved ones, train them up for Heav'n,
Only believe—the Spirit will be given.

We know not what thy Savior wills for thee:
If early called, thou must be surely blest;
But if thy life is spared, Oh! may it be
All for thy Savior spent, until at rest.
Here may we see thy youthful figure bow'd,
When round this chancel, new-born Christians crowd.

May'st thou be spared, thy father's home to bless:
Thy mother's warm affection to repay:
Thine be the pious spirit's loveliness,
Which still more brightly shines from day to day;
And when below, thy earthly race is run,
May thy blest household meet around the throne.

Warnings for the Times.

IN THE DAWN OF TRACTARIANISM, 1844.

On life's troubled ocean, how many a bark
Seems tossing and rushing along in the dark!
No beacon to light them, no pilot to guide,
How swiftly and fearfully, borne by the tide,

They speed to their ruin: the tempest comes on;
'Mid darkness and gloom, they go suddenly down;
Or dashed on the rocks, they as fearfully perish:
No hope 'mid the wail of that tempest, they cherish.

But oft, 'mid the gloom of the terrible night,
The bark of the pilgrim, surrounded by light
Is seen, safely riding each perilous wave;
For He, who is mighty, is with them to save.

Our life is an ocean of tumult at best:
Each wave bears a pilgrim to that blessed rest,
Where strife never enters:—the weary, at home
Are landed in safety, where sin never comes.

Temptations and sorrows and conflicts with sin,
Ah! these are the waves, which disturb us within;
And these are the tempests, and ours is the bark:
Beware, lest we foolishly steer in the dark.

The bark of the Christian has nothing to fear,
False pilots would hail us, but let us beware;

Their chart must be heav'nly, for man cannot guide
The bark of the pilgrim o'er life's troubled tide.

We must ask of each pilot,—From whence do ye come?
And how would you guide us, to our destined home?
Is God's blessed volume your mariner's chart?
Is Christ your commander? if not—then depart.

Depart! for we know you are false to your Lord;
Tho' old your directions, we know from his word,
That man's false inventions would lead us astray;
No mere human pilot shall point us the way.

The bark is the church—false pilots are near,
When Heav'n 's the haven, beware who shall steer:
Bring all their pretensions to God's holy word,
And try them, and prove them, before they are heard.

Should they point you to priests, or to sacrament's pow'r,
To the dust of antiquity's mystical lore,
To fasts, or to penances, or aught merely human,
Beware how you trust, e'en their priestly acumen.

Bring all to the touchstone of heavenly truth;
And then, if these pilots should shrink from the proof,
Assert but the freedom that Jesus has given,
And your bark may in safety find anchor in Heaven.

For Christ is our captain—his pilots must be
Like him, from all craft and hypocrisy free:
With him for our leader, ah! be of good cheer,
Tho' hosts should assail us, we've nothing to fear.

The Union, 1850.

"Thou too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!"
LONGFELLOW.

GOD speed our noble Ship of State,
And shield her from the storm,
Which beats so wildly round her now,
And threatens serious harm.
O thou! whose voice can calm the storm,
Pour oil upon the wave;
Thou! who once stilled old Galilee,
Be with her now to save.

Her timbers creak, her sails are torn!
Ye pilots! guide her helm:
For breakers high around her roar,
Threat'ning to overwhelm.
Oft has she passed through stormy times,
Ready each blast to dare,
And still her flag of stars and stripes,
Streams out upon the air.

Float on, float on, thou noble flag!
For who could bear to see
One star effaced from thy blue folds,
One ray of liberty?
Should that day come, when freemen's hands,
Should dare to rend in twain
Our glorious flag; such traitor bands
With infamy are stained.

Ye spirits of the patriot dead!
The shameful cry now hear:
"Dissolve the Union!" rend the tie
Which ye esteemed so dear.
Methinks I see the calm blue eye
Of Washington, look on
With silent, stern astonishment,
Rebuking faithless ones.

Methinks "the old man eloquent"*
Once more among ye stands,
Crying, "Now shame upon the man
Who'd sever freedom's band."
Ye patriots of the ancient time!
Who loved your country well,
May your example strengthen these,
Who seek the cry to quell.

Hold on, hold on, ye faithful friends!
Give for your country's weal,
Your time, your talents, your good name,
With all a martyr's zeal.
Abide ye steadfast, whose gray hairs,†
Whose venerable form,
Whose silv'ry tones of eloquence,
A nation's heart can warm.

Though demagogues around your sneer,
Their missiles harmless fall;
Speak with the majesty of truth,
Nor heed their senseless call.

* John Adams. † Henry Clay.

Speak truth to man, and lift on high
The voice of earnest prayer;
And tho' the thunder rolls around,
He'll clear the stormy air.

He'll bid the Ship of State ride on,
In majesty sublime,
Amid the war of elements,
Amid the storms of time.
Her foes shall hide their coward heads,
When brethren, hand in hand,
Shall still around her tow'ring masts
Stand an unbroken band.

While freedom's flag shall wave o'er them,
And from her gallant crew,
Shall loud ascend the joyful shout,
Which hails her safely through.
"Union or death!" be this the cry,
Wrung from each freeman's heart:
Let Union be the rallying word:
Let brethren never part.

A nation's voice shall join the shout,
And o'er the distant sea,
'Twill reach the tyrant, who would crush
The spirit of the free.
'Twill send a thrill of fear to *them*,
But rapture to the band
Of anxious hearts, who look on us,
As freedom's happy land.

Not yet—not yet—ye noble few!
We still the storm outride;

Though tyrants wait to hail our fall,
United we abide.
And tho' the sun which rose on you,
Seems now to set in gloom;
Look up—look up—with cheerful hearts,
Its rising day will come.

The Bird, a Teacher.

ON a bright and sunny day,
When the sun shone forth in his cheering power,
Amid rural scenes, in the morning hour,
A Christian pursued his way.

All creation smiled around,
And its pages, so fill'd with sacred things,
To the heart of the Christian instruction brings,
Where'er a reader is found.

Many voices may be heard
From the page inspired, and the gospel sound,
To the smallest insect that crawls on the ground,
All teaching like thee, sweet bird!

For the just, the torrent flows;
Or the moon, with her soft and silv'ry light,
And the setting sun, and the flowers so bright,
Sweet lessons of wisdom show.

That morning, a feeble bird,
On a branch that bent to the sighing breeze,
While it whisper'd soft, 'mid the waving trees,
As a teacher, there was heard.

Though the slender branch was stirred
By the sighing wind, as it rose and fell,
Yet the carolling warbler's notes would swell,
Like a blithe and happy bird.

He sang with his sweetest tones,
As joyfully, when he bent to the gale,
As when soaring aloft, his pinions set sail
For a flight to another home.

Sweet bird! of the changing bough,
Unchang'd are thy notes, ever blithe and gay;
In thy downward course, as thine upward way:
What dost thou teach me now?

Thus thankful, my heart would sing,
When the gale of prosperity fans my brow:
Like thee, sweet bird of the rising bough!
I would plume the joyous wing.

Still praising, my heart would bow,
When the storm of sorrow my branch assails:
Like thee, sweet bird! would I bend to the gale,
Yet carolling notes of joy.

My Redeemer I would praise,
'Mid the changing scenes of weal and woe,
Which the pilgrim must meet while here below;
Till numbered are all my days.

Then would I take my flight,
Joyfully singing, as upward I fly,
Like thee sweet bird! thro' thine own blue sky,
To a world of endless delight.

Thoughts on the General Convention of 1856.

"NOW WE SEE THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY, BUT THEN FACE TO FACE."

LIKE dioramic, misty views,
So human passions oft confuse
The visions of a Savior's face,
So redolent with love and grace.

But let the magic picture lie
A moment near the watchful eye;
And soon the wondrous tints appear,
Bringing each form of beauty near.

Quickly the shadows fly away;
And brighter than the hues of day,
In brilliant colors, soon appear
The glowing pictures, fair and clear.

Thus brethren now, each other view
Thro' vision dim, often untrue;
The light of love alone can clear,
Making each lovely grace appear.

Dissolvéd thus, in heaven's own light,
All minor things shall take their flight;
And every eye, in raptured gaze,
Shall dwell on Jesus' glorious face.

Christ robed in victory's garments there,
Then the triumphant crown shall wear;
Each ransomed soul shall gaze on him,
Till earthly things shall all grow dim.

Then, brethren joined in perfect love,
In union blest shall meet above;
No cold salute, no jarring word,
Can ever come, where dwells our Lord.

There, misty shades of error fly;
There, prejudice and passion die;
There, dark suspicion hides her head,
And sin, and death itself, are dead.

The warmth and light of Jesus' love,
Thus powerfully shall dissolve
All human elements of strife,
In that blest world of heavenly life.

But not like transient magic views,
Of Diorama's fleeting hues,
Dissolved in heaven, sin's reign is o'er,
It casts its shadow nevermore.

There, brethren perfected in grace,
See in each other Jesus' face;
There, joined in one unbroken band,
Forever dwell in that blest land.

The Pastor's Tablets.

HOLY work, and heav'nly joys
All the pastor's time employs:
May the record of each day
Bear from earth to Heaven away,
Tidings of a life well spent,
Blessed toils, with soul content.

Monday comes, but not for thee
Comes a day from labor free;
On the tablet for this day,
Stands a call, to watch and pray
By a sick and dying bed,
Where no ray of hope is shed.

Or perhaps, in thoughtful mood,
Searching for thy people's food,
Shelter'd in thy quiet room,
Sudden calls of duty come.
Ever ready thou must be:
'Tis the Master, calls for thee.

What on Tuesday's page appears?
Messages defac'd by tears,
Bleeding hearts await thy prayers,
Where thou must their sorrows share.
Thus life consumes, but thou art bless'd,
With visions of the spirit's rest.

Wednesday's page is cover'd o'er,
Food to gather—while thy door
Answers to uncommon calls;
So much work, thy heart appals;
Sick and weary, thou must go,
But thy burden, Jesus knows.

Thursday's page no less presents,
When thy strength is almost spent,
Some kind greeting sent to thee,
Full of Christian sympathy,
Sends thee happy on thy way,
Cheers the labors of the day.

Friday, filled with many cares,
And thy path beset with snares;
Some rude word unkindly said,
Low has bow'd thy drooping head.
Sweet to know in darkest hour,
Christ has felt temptation's power.

The last day comes, and toiling brain
Must labor oft in racking pain;
While waves of anxious trouble roll
On thee, the cares of precious souls.
So life wears on, but peace attends
The soul, that thus existence spends.

Oh! may these records of each day
Thus spent for Christ, be borne away
By angel messengers to Heaven,
Recording deeds of mercy given:
Thus, sprinkled with the Savior's blood,
May they acceptance find with God.

Dedication of the Pastor's Study.

HENCE! 'tis a sacred spot! from hence depart,
All that would enter to distract the heart.
Here may the Spirit rest, here Jesus come
To dwell with thee, as in a chosen home.

Bid every selfish aim from hence begone;
Seek for thy motive, one pure aim alone.
Give heavenly food drawn from the holy word.
Here, may the voice of heartfelt prayer be heard.

Here, when the tempter comes to lure thy heart,
May'st thou have power to fend away his dart:
Here may'st thou gain high triumphs over sin:
Here may'st thou learn immortal souls to win.

Surrounded by the spirits of the just,
Who, tho' their bodies moulder in the dust,
Still speak to thee, from out these voiceless tomes,
Which they have left, to guide tir'd pilgrims home.

May'st thou the lofty inspiration feel,
Of patriarch's and prophet's holy zeal;
While apostolic faith, and holy deeds
Of later days, thy musing spirit feeds.

Thus, holding high communion with the skies,
May all thy Christian graces higher rise:
Nearer and nearer to the Blessed One,
May'st thou reflect the image of His Son.

When thou hast filled thy heart with solemn thoughts,
When from high heaven, thou hast manna brought,
When filled with strong desires and holy zeal,
When thus, the soul's high value, thou dost feel;

Then come to us, and we will pray for thee;
Thy glowing words shall then find access free,
To spirits wand'ring from the Savior's fold,
And thou shalt bring to them, bliss all untold.

Little Charlotte.

WHY DO WE WEEP?

WHY do we weep? 'tis that we miss
The ringing, joyous sound
Of youthful merriment's sweet laugh,
And childhood's springing bound.

Why do we weep?—fond eyes are closed,
Which ever brightly shone
With kindly beams of gentle love,
And we are left alone.

Why do we weep?—the sweet caress
And prattling voice are gone;
And the crushed heart must keenly bleed
When thus it feels alone.

Why should we weep? when those we love
Are gathered early home;
When safely garnered up in Heaven,
Where blight can never come.

Why should we weep? when Jesus comes
And plucks a fav'rite flower;
'Tis but to plant it in a soil
Of ever living power.

Why should we weep? when angels bear
The infant spirit home;
And they who've safely reached the goal,
Bid the belovéd come.

Then, let us hush each rising sigh,
And bid each murmur cease;
We yield thee, loved one, to thy Lord,
And to thy home of peace.

To my Brother in Heaven.

"FOR IF WE BELIEVE THAT JESUS DIED AND ROSE AGAIN, EVEN SO THEM ALSO WHICH SLEEP IN JESUS, WILL GOD BRING WITH HIM."

My brother, I remember well
Thy days of early youth,
The warm affections of thy heart,
Thy soul so full of truth.

The sweetness of thy magic smile,
Is all before me now;
The pensive beaming of thine eye,
Lighting thy manly brow.

I see thee now, as once I saw,
Thy cheek all flushed with joy;
When proud ambition fired thy soul,
Whilst thou wert yet a boy.
Thy sister's supplicating voice
To thee, was raised in vain;
When thou wert bent to dare alone
The world's tempestuous main.

That voice which then thou would'st not hear,
To God, was raised in prayer,
Which tho' so feeble, yet by faith
It gain'd an audience there.
I see thee now, when all thy hopes
Were crushed, and thou wert driv'n,
In answer to a sister's prayers,
To seek thy rest in Heaven.

I see thee now, as once I saw
Thee, turn thine eye away
From all that earth could offer thee,
As trifles of a day.
When, leaving all to follow Him
Whose love thy heart had won,
With single purpose, 'twas thy joy,
To live for Christ alone.

A few brief years of burning zeal,
So quick thy race was run;

Scarce did'st thou gird thine armor on,
Ere thy short work was done.
I see thee now, as once I saw,
Thy graceful form laid low,
And trickling tears of dying love
Bedew thy pallid brow.

When faint and weak, a stricken deer
Thou ever seem'dst to me,
While panting 'neath the archer's dart,
And longing to be free.
The peace of God thy bosom filled;
A peace so still, so deep:
'Tis thus the gracious Savior gives
His own belovéd sleep.

I see thee now, thy conflicts o'er;
Sickness and sighing gone:
Eternal blessedness is thine,
While ages still roll on.
Thine is the victor's palm and harp;
Thine is the shining crown;
Thine is the everlasting song;
And thine the Savior's throne.

Ours, is to toil awhile below;
Meekly to watch and pray,
Through all the whole allotted time
Of life's appointed day.
'Tis sweet to know that thou art there,
Where songs of joy are given,
That though we tarry here alone,
Our brother rests in Heaven.

Farewell to the Lehigh.

FAREWELL, sweet spot! I leave you now;
Your beauteous hills which I have trod,
Safe sheltered by their wide embrace,
Fit emblems of the love of God.
For like the everlasting hills
Which girdled old Jerusalem,
So safely circled, dost thou stand,
Sweet, simple, peaceful Bethlehem.

Farewell to your pellucid stream,
Which dances on with joyous tide:
Bright, sparkling, like the stream of life,
When first our barks upon it glide.
The music of your rippling waves
Will often soothe my mem'ry's ear,
When midst the din of earthly cares,
I long your gentle voice to hear.

Your shady banks, your placid breast,
Cooling the fever of my brow:
I oft shall long to kiss your waves,
As the light oar is kissing now.
Flow on, flow on, thou gentle stream!
Bear on thy bosom other hearts;
And be to them the charméd voice
Which bids discordant thoughts depart.

To Eliza S—, when absent from her Parents.

FORGET not thy mother; she thinketh of thee,
When morning and evening, she bendeth the knee;
Tho' forests and rivers are rolling between,
Yet still in her bosom, thine image is seen.

Deep, deep in its chambers thou dwellest enshrined:
Does she see a dark eye? she is thinking of thine:
Does she hear a young voice? then the musical notes
Of her far distant child thro' her memory floats.

Does she see a young group sporting round her in glee?
Her soul in its yearnings is musing of thee:
Does she hear a light step, or a carolling tone?
Her heart leaps to meet thee, then feels—she's alone.

When day is declining, and gathering round
The hearth of thy father, the loved ones are found;
O, what would she give, the dear accents to hear
Of thy loving good-night, whispered soft in her ear.

Forget not thy father; he watcheth thee there:
Tho' distant, he waiteth in faith, and in prayer,
For the sweet buds of piety, wisdom, and truth,
Putting forth tender shoots in the days of thy youth.

Forget not thy Savior; He looketh at thee:
He searcheth for fruit, and what kind does He see?
Does He gather but leaves, when ripe fruit should be found?
Forget not that some do but cumber the ground.

Forget not thy closet, but often go there,
Where alone thou may'st meet the dear Savior in prayer;
For what can'st thou do, in a world full of woe,
Without a Redeemer, to whom thou can'st go?

Forget not the fragrance of heavenly bowers,
When plucking the blossoms of earth's fairest flowers;
When tasting her pleasures, Oh! think of the bliss,
Which the ransomed enjoy, in the mansions of peace.

Remember, remember—this is not thy rest;
Thy soul is immortal, and would'st thou be blest?
Choose the God of thy parents, and grace shall be given,
To lead thee with them, to a mansion in Heaven.

Christmas Carol.

HAIL, to the blessed morn! 'tis now the hour
When ancient Christians carolled forth their lay
Of holy joy, and spirit-stirring power,
While keeping watch for the first beams of day;
Thus heralding the dawn of Christmas morn,
Shouting with songs of joy, that "Christ is born!"

Obedient to my muse's call, I come,
And standing near the window, fancy me;
Imagination's wand is bringing home
All whom the friends within would wish to see.

All shall be gathered: let the beloved draw near,
While I would hail as here, all ye hold dear.

And first, a branch of palm and cedar green,
From old Judea, I would humbly bear;
Emblems most fit they to my fancy seem
Of what the pastor's brow would seek to wear.
His be the useful palm, or stately tree,
Cedar for growth, the palm for victory.

Near to the tree of Calvary, may he stay,
And from its leaves, draw forth the healing power;
May blessings follow him, from day to day,
And songs of victory cheer his dying hour.
Then, all his conflicts o'er, his labor done,
May he at last secure the victor's crown.

A rose, with two sweet buds, I humbly twine
Among this Christmas wreath: long may they bloom
In fragrant beauty, never more to pine
For want of Christian culture, in the home
Where Jesus dwells, as a familiar guest,
And makes his home in each believer's breast.

A branch of amaranth, to those I bring,
Who in the vale of life, slowly descend:
A hymn of immortality I'd sing;
For thither do their footsteps surely tend.
Tho' hoary hairs are gath'ring o'er the head,
Rays of immortal life are round them shed.

The star of Bethlehem—sweet lowly flower,
A brother and a sister's brow shall wear;

Its language blest, will soothe life's darkest hour:
"Light of our path!" long may ye gladly hear
Those whispered accents, "Come thou, follow me!"
May all admonished by its language be.

And still one little unobtrusive flower,
Allow me yet to hang upon the bough;
'Tis rosemary; "remembrance," in this hour
Is all it asks—when at his feet ye bow,
Remember her, who chants this humble lay,
Remember, when for feeble ones ye pray.

Now let me fancy all are gathered here;
The Pastor, wife and children so beloved,
The aged parents, brother, sister dear;
All ready now to join the hymn of love:
And this will be a type of that blest day,
When earthly cares shall all have passed away.

When to our wond'ring sight, the Savior comes,
Not as a helpless babe, whom now we sing,
But crowned with glory, then to welcome home
All whom the Lord has promised there to bring,
May ye undaunted in that hour stand,
And meet unbroken, as a household band.

Oramus.

ORAMUS! oramus! Oh, come let us pray!
The day of probation is passing away;

In Heav'n's blessed mansion prayer utters no sound,
Nor hell hears its voice in her caverns profound.

Oramus! oramus! Oh, come let us pray!
When blushes the morning of each rising day,
Let the first gush of feeling in gratitude rise
To Him who keeps watch, to the Lord of the skies.

Oramus! oramus! Oh, come let us pray!
When Sol's bright effulgence is fading away;
When the dew weeps at evening, like slow-falling tears
Shed for daily transgressions, when twilight appears.

Oramus! oramus! Oh, come let us pray,
When the sun of prosperity shines o'er our way;
For our days of abundance too frequently prove
That the heart filled with plenty forgets its first love.

Oramus! oramus! Oh, come let us pray,
When earthly enjoyments are touched with decay;
When darkness surrounds us, and trials are given,
'Tis then that we raise weeping eyes up to Heaven.

Oramus! oramus! Oh, come let us pray!
When wearied and worn by the toils of the day,
'Tis prayer that upholds us when ready to faint;
Prayer brightens the armor of every saint.

Oramus! oramus! Oh, come let us pray!
Prayer driveth the demons of darkness away:
It archeth a bridge from the earth to the skies,
On which its sweet messages swiftly arise.

Oramus! oramus! Oh, come let us pray!
We never shall know till eternity's day,
How strong are its pleadings, how mighty its power
To shield us from harm in temptation's dark hour.

Oramus! oramus! Oh, come let us pray!
Our days are fast flying; not long is our stay:
Soon, soon will the crown of the victor be given,
And prayer changed to praise, 'mid the glories of Heaven.

What is the Church?

"THE PILLAR AND GROUND OF THE TRUTH."

We look round the world for a haven of rest,
Where the pilgrim may hide when by sorrows oppressed:
'Tis not in the world; 'tis in nothing below:—
Then whither for rest shall the tempted one go?
To the ark which in mercy our Father hath given
To shelter and guide in our journey to Heaven;
To the Church of our Savior God bids us repair,
For all that we need we shall surely find there.

To the Church? I would ask, and where is she found?
For, "what is the Church?" is now echoed all round,
Some say she's a Savior, and that all will be saved
Who once in her laver of washing have laved.
The name Mediator by some has been given
To her, who they say can alone lead to Heaven,

'Tis said that her priests, though unholy they be,
Must plead for my soul when from wrath I would flee.

Some say she's a sun shining forth in her might,
But the Bible declares she's a moon, whose soft light
Is only reflected from Christ, the bright sun
Which enlightens the Church as her armies move on.
She's a moon in eclipse, when false to her Lord,
She turns from the teachings of God's holy word
To the voice of tradition; tho' ancient it be,
'Twill not guide the soul, when from sin it would flee.

When the soul feels the burden of multiplied sin;
When tossed by temptations and conflicts within,
Would it soothe her to talk about pictures and flowers;
And prate about candle-sticks, crosses and towers?
Some call her a building, where taste must be fed:
Some mutter in Latin when we ask for bread:
Some talk about altars, and tripods, and signs,
When the hungry are seeking for food for the mind.

By some she is called an infallible guide;
And by her wise decision e'en Scripture is tried;
Would we come to the truth, we must passively bow
To the teachings of those, who would fetter us now,
Like the priest of the poet, once named Fadladeen,*
Who, when the bright beams of the sun could be seen,
Declared to his pupils, 'Tis darkness, 'tis night!
They echoed his words, though they saw it was light.

And when ev'ning shadows were falling around,
All passive he led them, in mental chains bound,

* Fadladeen, in the Poem of Lalla Rookh.

And raising his eyes, said, "The sun's shining bright:"
They replied, "Yes, he shines!" tho' they knew it was night.
Thus reason, so godlike, has bandaged her eyes;
The will as a prisoner enchained, captive lies;
E'en the light wings of fancy by priestcraft are clipped,
And the soul's like a bark, with her moorings unshipped.

Then what is the Church? by what marks shall I prove
Her voice to be genuine, her claims from above?
Does she open the Bible?—does she bid us all read?
This marks her a Church of the Savior indeed.
Does she point to a union effected by faith
In the crucified Savior's vicarious death?
Thus making the soul and the Savior as one,
Not by sacraments outward, but by faith thus put on.

Does she turn the eye inward?—does she bid us beware
How we trust to a life of mere fasting and prayer?
Does she bid us derive all our life from the Lord?
Who only can grace to the tempted afford.
This marks a true church, and her members are found
Wherever the voice of the Spirit has bound
In holy communion, each sanctified one
Who is sealed by the Spirit, and saved by the Son.

She has laws, they are binding, and we must obey;
She has rights, we must use them, and reverence pay
To those, who commissioned from Heaven above,
Have been sent to the Church, on an errand of love.
She has food for the hungry, and wine for the faint;
She has blessed refreshment to cheer ev'ry saint:
Thrice happy are they, who by faith are enclosed
In this ark of security, safe from their foes.

The Church is the object of heavenly care;
The bush unconsumed, tho' still burning, declares
That God will defend her, though foes thicken round,
And will bring them in ruin all down to the ground.
Once hid in the ark, when the deep waters swelled,
Through the wilderness led, her deliverance to tell;
Oft hunted in mountains, oft hidden in caves,
Yet He who was mighty, was with her to save.

Sometimes nearly drowned in an ocean of blood,
When tyrants were taunting, "Will ye still serve God?"
Sometimes in dark dungeons, yet dauntless she stood,
And answered exulting, "Still, still unsubdued!"
And He who has saved her through flood and through fire,
Will still be her shield, when the flames shall rise higher:
When all who enclosed in the ark are then found,
Will safely ride on, when her foes are all drowned.

Communion.

HUSH, hush, each jarring sound!
This, this is holy ground;
Bid all who stay to gaze, hence quick depart:
Let silence reign within;
O, that our bosom sins
Might now be banished from each waiting heart!

Begone each rising fear!
Jesus himself draws near:
He bids us "Eat and drink, as friends beloved:"

His banner over us,
While we would meet him thus,
Is that of infinite, undying love.

He looks on all around,
And while we thus surround
His table, as His saved and faithful ones,
I feel His searching gaze,
As He the group surveys;
He cannot be deceived by masks put on.

His eye is turned on one,
Bending in sadness down,
As with a trembling faith, she ventures near;
He sees the self-distrust,
Bowed in the very dust,
And whispers kindly, "Be thou of good cheer."

A form erect draws near,
A solemn look he wears,
The Savior darts on him a startling gaze:
What art thou doing here?
Why 'mong the saints appear,
When thou art walking in deceitful ways?

He sees an erring child,
By worldly joys beguiled,
And faithful whispers, Rise! from hence depart:
Here is no place of rest;
Fly to thy Savior's breast!
Let nothing short of Heaven, fill thy heart.

At many sacred feasts,
There are unwelcome guests,
Unblessed, unbidden, known to His great eye;
O, may each waiting heart,
Ere we from hence depart,
In deep communings, ask, "Lord, is it I?"

He looks for living faith:
Of such He kindly saith,
In the dread judgment day, "They shall be mine:"
When earth shall pass away,
When bursts the rising day,
They shall among my jewels brightly shine.

The Veiled Picture.

THERE was once a glowing picture
Seen in Hope's enchanted hall:
Love illumed the speaking features,
Hung on faithful mem'ry's walls.
Painted by a trusting maiden,
With a pencil joy-inspired,
Ere the heart with sorrow laden,
Quenches youthful fancy's fire.

There she saw a cottage lowly,
In the distance brightly gleam;
And around the fireside holy,
Happy faces lit the scene.

One there was so kindly smiling,
Standing at the cottage gate;
Who her bosom cares beguiling,
For his coming she would wait.

There she pictured ev'ning pleasures,
When her household toils were done;
There she saw her precious treasures,
There a heart to lean upon.
Glowing with love's brilliant sunlight,
Sweet the beauteous picture lay:
Scarce she dreamed, that shades of midnight
Soon would quench these beaming rays.

Blest she gazed, and deeply musing
O'er that scene of earthly love,
Every feature oft perusing,
Till it dimmed the home above.
Distant seemed the joys of Heaven,
Fainter beamed the glory there:
Too much love to earth was given;
Human idols weaken prayer.

Then her Father, deeply loving,
Kindly dropped a friendly veil
O'er the picture, thus removing
Tints that made Heaven's glory pale.
Hid the cottage from her vision,
Screened the halo once so bright,
And o'er all the home Elysian
Spread the dismal pall of night.

Vanished then the smiling faces,
And, amid heart-breaking tears,

Naught was left but mem'ry's traces,
Broken vows—and lonely years.
But, though sad and heavy laden,
With the burden on her heart,
Jesus loved the gentle maiden,
In her sorrows bore a part.

Sent her down a branch from Heaven,
Gathered from the tree of life;
Bade her hope, though deeply riven,
Sorely tried by mortal strife.
Opened wide the heavenly mansion,
Flooded all her path with light,
Gave her spirit free expansion,
Cheered her in her upward flight.

Hushed the murmurs of her spirit,
Gave her strength to take the cup;
Showed the bliss which they inherit,
Who can drink their portion up.
Then her earthly path grew brighter,
As it neared the perfect day,
And her chastened heart grew lighter,
As she walked the pilgrim's way.

Near her footsteps beamed bright flowers,
Heavenly hope, and joy, and love;
Cheered by sweet, refreshing showers,
Gently falling from above.
Then she learned to bless the chast'ning,
Which had bid her early come
To the feet of Jesus, hast'ning
To her everlasting home.

Airy Clouds.

JUST on the high, mysterious verge
That bounds the world of sense,
Lie clouds, in massy grandeur piled,
Drawing our spirits hence.
Onward and upward thought ascends,
And busy fancy flies
On pinions swift, to Heavenly realms,
Where fields of glory lie.

A fleecy cloud goes flitting by,
And in its form of grace,
It seems to wear in misty shape,
Almost an angel's face.
Clouds piled on clouds, of lofty height,
Glist'ning like Alpine snow,
When on each tow'ring, distant peak,
The sun his glory throws,

Seem like the everlasting hills,
Where heavenly Zion stands,
Painted by old, prophetic pens,
Built by Jehovah's hands.
And thro' the op'ning of the clouds,
Floods of resplendent light
Seem bursting through the gates of Heaven,
For human sight too bright.

Beyond these intervening clouds,
Beyond our mortal sight,

The glitt'ring turrets tow'ring rise,
Glowing with heavenly light;
And beckoning angels eager lean
Over their dizzy height,
O! for an angel's wing, to soar
Beyond these shades of night

To the Skylark.

CAROL, carol, carol,
Skylark on the wing;
Mounting ever upward,
As you blithely sing.
Up the vault of Heaven,
Higher, higher soar,
Leaving earth behind you,
Warbling evermore.

Carol, carol, carol;
Hidden by the clouds,
Still we hear you warbling,
Joyous, clear and loud:
Every note is gushing,
Full of sportive joy:
Mortal murmurs hushing,
Is your sweet employ.

Carol, carol, carol,
Far up out of sight;

Still with instinct tender,
Swiftly you alight
On your nest of nurslings,
Never once forgot;
Next to Heaven's attraction,
'Tis a cherished spot.

Carol, carol, carol,
Like the Christian heart;
While his faith mounts upward,
Still he ne'er departs
From the precious nestlings,
Which his God hath given:
These he seeks, enticing
Their young flight to Heaven.

Christmas Bells.

'TIS winter on the earth,
And December blasts are blowing;
Now we gather round the hearth,
For 'tis snowing; thickly snowing;
But upon the Church is dawning,
Now, her joyous time of spring;
Soon we'll hail the blessed morning
Of the Advent of her King.
Sing, Christian, sing!
While we hail the morning star,

And with angelic wing,
Let our spirits upward soar.

'Tis fitting we should bring
Branches green, and winter flowers;
'Tis the Church's budding spring,
Marking time by holy hours.
Up! and ring a joyous peal,
For the day is coming round,
When the Christian world shall kneel
At the Advent's stirring sound.
Kneel, Christian, kneel!
For the Lord is drawing near;
Oh! may we raptured feel,
When His chariot-wheels appear.

'Tis a gray December morn,
Long before the world is humming;
Let us rise with early dawn,
For the Lord is coming, coming—
Now, 'tis Christmas! Christmas morning!
Listen to the welcome peal,
With the winter-winds returning:
Oh! how thankful should we feel.
Come, Christian, come!
Let us hasten to the manger,
Where in an humble home,
We hail the wondrous stranger!

Another morn will come,
When, with angel bands attending,
In regal pomp come down,
We shall see the Lord descending.

When the world shall be on fire,
And the trumpet's blast shall sound:
Amidst that funeral pyre,
Where shall we then be found?
Rise, Christian, rise!
Watch and pray with godly fear:
Oh! upward lift thine eyes!
For His Advent draweth near.

Woman's Rights.

Oh woman! high and holy is thy mission!
Blest is the sceptre, placed within thy hands;
Thou'rt crowned a queen! by God's divine commission,
O'er household bands.
How can'st thou turn aside, from paths so holy?
Or e'er forsake the realm of home delights?
In that sweet ministry, so pure and lowly,
Find there thy rights.
Not in the pulpit, or the public forum,
With head uncovered, and undaunted brow,
Should'st thou forget that modest, chaste decorum,
To which man bows.
Ordained by Heaven! by the Lord anointed,
As man's best comforter, his earliest guide;
Ah! why assume man's duties? self-appointed
By silly pride.
A holy wife! Ah! who can count the blessing?
Man's solace in the dark and trying hours

When earth forsakes, still tenderly caressing,
Through love's deep power.
E'en tho' her fragile form, is framed for clinging,
How often has her loving faith sustained
Man's sinking spirit, songs of comfort singing,
Soothing life's pain.
A holy mother! golden link! uniting
Her cherished loved ones to the throne of God;
By faithful prayer, and holy life inviting
To Heaven's abode.
Those whispered prayers, so full of deep sensation,
That gentle hand, pressed on the youthful head,
Felt often in the hours of dark temptation,
When she is dead.
She hath been heard in pulpits—by her teaching,
Through manly tones, the truths she has impressed
On many souls, Christ's precious doctrine preaching,
When she's at rest.
E'en at the head of nations, she hath been;
Not in her person—that should ever be
Veiled from the public gaze, and only seen
Thus modestly.
In the pure patriot's lofty elevation,
Are woman's holy lessons often heard;
A mother's fireside teaching, mighty nations
Have often stirred.
Watching with tender love around the dying:
Moist'ning the parched lips, raising the head,
Pointing to realms, where sorrow, sin and sighing
Are ever fled.
Scatt'ring the seeds of heav'nly wisdom's teaching
In youthful bosoms, ere the world has come
To claim their worship; woman's voice beseeching,
Bids them come home.

Seeking the lost, in deepest degradation,
Snatching the wine-cup from the trembling hand,
Like a bright angel, offering full salvation
To fallen man.
A holy woman! who can tell her power?
Casting abroad her seed of priceless worth,
No human pen can count, till that great hour,
When germs spring forth.
On that bright morning, when, the harvest reaping,
To gather in His sheaves, the Savior comes;
Ah! then, the seed she sowed, with secret weeping,
In Heav'n shall bloom.
These are thy *rights*, this is thy holy calling;
Leave thou to man, the stormy, fierce debate:
The throne of home forsake, thy glory falling,
Thy hearth is desolate.
This is thy *mission*, blessed, pure, and holy;
Step not aside the higher paths to tread
Of man's ambition, but be meek and lowly:
Thus safely led,
Along the path, by God himself directed,
His blessing rests on thee, His smile approves;
Through life supported, and in death protected
By Jesus' love.
With angels, thou shalt hold sublime communion;
For on the earth, almost an angel blest,
In the high rapture of a heavenly union,
Thou shalt find rest.

God's Providence.

"ARE NOT FIVE SPARROWS SOLD FOR A FARTHING."

In the deep blue vault of Heaven,
Where the silent planets roll,
Oh! what proofs of care are given,
Speaking comfort to the soul.
Age on ages rolling onward,
'Mid a space unfathomed still;
Never clashing, moving forward,
With a sure, unerring skill.

In the tiny little creatures
All unseen by naked eye;
Oh! what wondrous perfect features,
'Neath the microcosm lie.
To the lily, bending lowly,
Light and air, and food are giv'n;
Whisp'ring soft, in accents holy,
"Trust the gracious God of Heav'n."

Shall the mighty planets rolling,
By the power of his hand,
Which each insect is controlling,
In the air, or sea, or land?
And shall not his love and pow'r,
Much more guide immortal man?
Through life's changing, troubled hour,
With a sure, unerring hand?

Shall he clothe the worthless sparrow,
  Which is for a farthing sold,
And not guide each fatal arrow
  With a hand by love controlled?
Oft 'mid earthly feeble tapers,
  We forget the brilliant sun,
Which behind these cloudy vapors,
  Still in glory shineth on.

Shineth on like God's own power,
  Which in providence appears
Mines unfathomed, till the hour
  When in Heaven they will be clear.
Like Ezekiel's wondrous vision
  Of the wheels within a wheel,
Fitted with divine precision,
  Moved by swift, angelic zeal.

Covered o'er with eyes all glist'ning,
  Wheels of Providence sublime
Silent move, while men are list'ning
  For the voice which rules all time.
Let me rest as they are moving,
  Tho' the clouds be dark above:
From the throne my Father loving
  Guides them by a hand of love.

The Convent of Valetta.

In the convent of Valetta,
In the niches of the wall,
Monks are standing, cold and lifeless,
While the shades of ev'ning fall.

All in robes of serge are shrouded,
Such as living they did wear;
And to make the scene more solemn,
Flashing torches, each one bears.

Oh! what sermons they are preaching
To the living, as they stand,
From those lips so closed and silent,
From the pointing rigid hand.

"Such as we are, thoughtless mortals!
Soon each living form shall be:
Live then with the grave before you,
Fitting for eternity.

"Then, though dust to dust is turning,
In the darkness of the tomb,
Soon will cease your time of mourning;
Soon your rising day will come.

"Bursting then, from death's deep slumbers,
Life and youth again shall bloom:
Gone forever shades of darkness,
In the world beyond the tomb."

Family Scene from Real Life.

Oh, it is lovely! saints delight to dwell
Amidst a scene so fraught with holy love:
Those tender accents of affection tell
How deep the feeling, kindling from above,
Which sends the father's soul into his eyes,
Longing to lead his offspring to the skies.

'Tis Sabbath's twilight eve, whose soothing rest
Seems to shut out the world's distracting power;
Calm as a summer lake, the father's breast
Reflects its sweetness o'er the evening hour;
And as his lips the sacred words repeat,
His infant prattlers gather round his feet.

What soft, confiding smiles they turn on him,
Whilst all subdued are childhood's joyous tones;
And whispering words of converse pass between
The Christian parent and his little ones:
The theme on which he dwells, redeeming love;
And holy feelings thro' the circle move.

Oh! he has been with Jesus, and his soul
Beams forth in every meek, yet anxious look;
And learning still in the Redeemer's school,
He feeds his lambs from God's most holy book;
And as he turns its sacred pages o'er,
Points their young hearts to joys that die no more.

The book is closed, the servant called, and now
In momentary silence all prepare
Before the mercy-seat of Heaven to bow,
In the meek attitude of solemn prayer:
Angels look on, and Jesus intercedes,
While the fond father for his children pleads.

His holy fervors in devotion rise,
While there in faith, he brings his earthly friends;
And in his supplications to the skies,
His glowing praises with his prayers ascend:
Than incense sweeter is such sacrifice
To Him who human hearts and motives tries.

'Tis o'er; but ere they seek repose once more,
As they are wont, around his feet they kneel,
And with one voice their Maker's help implore,
While their melodious accents o'er me steal:
Soft strains of music, swelling on the air,
Bear some resemblance to their infant prayer

They rise, and lip to lip is fondly pressed;
The father's blessing to each loved one given,
Ere they retire to their accustomed rest,
Where they repose, so richly blessed of Heaven.
Thrice happy children! early thus to be
Training for bliss and immortality.

And must these tender ties be severed wide?
And must the grave divide each human heart,
And those who loved to travel side by side
Be called at last to speak the words, "We part."
The skeptic says, "We part to meet no more;"
But Christian hope points to a heavenly shore.

I would not be a skeptic, thus to toss
On the uncertain sea of unbelief:
No! let me count all earthly things but loss,
Nor think of parting as a cause of grief,
While faith securely fastens on the word
Of earth and Heaven's Almighty King and Lord.

For when the infidel can find no place
To rest his weary, troubled soul upon,
The Christian family shall face to face
Behold each other near th' eternal throne,
And each affection, cleansed from earthly stain,
Centre in Christ, the Lamb for sinners slain.

The Loss of the Arctic.

TOLL deep the mournful bell!
In solemn stillness bow;
While death's funereal pall
Is shrouding hearth and hall
Of many now.

List to the awful tones!
Whose echo ringing still,
From the deep ocean's tomb,
Reaching to stricken homes,
With horror chills.

Flushed high with human hope,
  Joy filled each throbbing breast;
Bound for their native shore,
Meetings were counted o'er:
  Hope made them blest.

Keep up the mighty steam!
  Onward she nobly comes:
A few more tardy days;
A few more hours delay,
  We'll be at home.

These were the joyful thoughts
  Filling each buoyant heart;
Unconscious of the vail
Hiding death's shadow pale,
  So near his dart.

Oh, sun! befriend them now!
  Ward off their dreadful fate;
Pierce thou the foggy clouds!
Rend thou the fearful shroud,
  Ere yet too late.

What was the awful crash,
  Striking the vessel's side?
Alas! she's filling fast;
Ah! can this living mass
  This blow outride?

Hark! 'tis the midnight cry,
  Heard 'mid the deep, dark sea:

"Prepare to meet thy God!"
Sounded thro' all the crowd,
So fearfully.

Seized were the safety-boats
By hands of cruel men;
And woman's helpless form,
And childhood's wild alarm,
Unheeded then.

A few brave spirits wrought
With the bold captain well;
But soon the raft went down,
And one was left alone,
The tale to tell.

Now came the fearful hour,
When the last hope was gone:
While sad farewells were spoke,
And parted hearts were broke,
The ship went down.

Some household groups were seen
In that terrific hour,
Bound in a grasp of love:
Ah! have they met above,
To part no more?

The bride, with him she lov'd,
Sunk in the ocean's wave;
The honored father's form;
The wife, with heart so warm,
Found there a grave.

Ah! blessed were the few,
Who, in that solemn hour,
Could see with upraised eye,
Above the murky sky,
Heav'n's open door.

Who knew that Christ was theirs
In life, in death the same:
His presence 'mid the wave
Cheered those His love had saved
Thro' His great name.

Majestic was the voice
Of God, as deep it rolled;
Across the wave 'twas heard;
Its awful tones have stirred
A nation's soul.

Hush'd was the busy throng,
E'en 'mong the marts of men;
The nation's flag drooped low:
All ranks have felt the blow,
And mourned for them.

That voice will men forget;
But it will come again:
In the dread judgment day,
When earth shall pass away,
Men must attend.

Some in the life-boat safe;
Some in the deep, blue wave:

Parents were sundered there;
Loved ones were helpless, where
Man could not save.

Thus, in the last great day,
When friends again shall meet,
Some will on high ascend,
Where partings ne'er shall rend
Unions so sweet.

Toll deep the mournful bell!
Weep for the loved and lost;
Weep for the Arctic gone;
Weep for the friends entombed;
Toll for the lost!

White Slaves Abroad.

THE ENGLISH FACTORY CHILD.

On a dark November morn,
While the clouds were dim and gray,
In an English hovel, all forlorn,
A dying infant lay.
'Twas a hovel dark and drear;
No light of Heaven was there;
Tho' English homes were very near,
None for the sufferer cared.

On the hearth there was no fire;
On the shelf there was no bread;
And the mother's hope almost expired
As she pressed the aching head.
'Twas a poor factory child,
Whose earliest infant breath
Had all been wasted in endless toil
For rags, for gin, and for death.

For the rose had never bloomed
Upon the with'ring cheek;
No ray had ever that eye illumed,
Of sweet childish mirth to speak.
She was only eight years old,
And yet for two ling'ring years,
Thro' hunger and sickness, through wet and cold,
She labored for bread and tears.

She lay on her mother's breast;
And tho' racked with weary pain,
Her yearning spirit felt this is rest,
Sweet rest for the toiling brain:
But a sickly taper's light
Shone feebly through the room,
As her eye grew dim in death's dark night,
And she whispered, "Mother, come.

"We have had no time to love,
With our days so full of toil;
Oh! sweet will it be in Heaven above,
To rest, to love, and to smile.
I have often heard the birds
As they sing their morning song,

And have watched the lambs and lowing herds
And oh! how much I have long'd

"To join in the frisking plays
Of youthful, joyous things;
But torturing work, and weary days,
Have made me too sad to sing.
I have had no time to play:
My limbs are all drawn awry;
And I feel that life is passing away;
But mother, there's time to die.

"No more shall the fact'ry bell
Call me from my cold, hard bed;
It always seemed like a fun'ral knell
Pealing its notes for the dead.
I am grieved to say farewell
To you, and to Mary dear,
But I know you'll love our darling well;
And mother my last words hear.

"Oh! it makes me very sad
To see little Mary grow;
For soon she'll have to work for her bread,
Thro' sleet, and darkness, and snow.
Save her from a cruel fate,
Of crime, and of want and woe;
From a lot more sad and more desolate
Than children often know.

"I know there is One above,
Who sees our every tear;

Who looks on us with an eye of love;
Oh! then wherefore should we fear?
But I think when I get home,
It will take me long to rest;
Then I'll lay me down in blessed peace
Upon my Savior's breast.

"And then I'll sing the song
Of a child redeemed from sin:
When placed in Heaven, the saints among,
I'll plume my angel's wing:
And sometimes, when day is done,
If God will let me, I'll come
And watch to see when your race is run,
Then bear you to Heaven's bright home.

"There rings the fact'ry bell!
How often through sleet and snow,
Have my weary footsteps stumbling fell,
Urged on by want and woe.
Oh! with what a weary brain,
Have I heard the shuttles go!
With what breaking heart, and racking pain,
Have I bowed my head so low.

"'Mid the never ceasing hum,
And the poisoned, stifling air;
Ah! this has been my childhood's home,
With scarce a minute for prayer.
In the middle of the day,
In a corner of the room,
'Mid the dust and dirt, which round us lay,
We devoured our scanty crumbs.

"'Mid swearing and filthy jests;
'Mid stenches of smoke and gin,
With terror freezing our infant breasts,
We inhaled the fumes of sin.
Mother, they say there's a Queen,
And nobles who rule the land:
I wonder if they have ever seen
The poor little factory band?

"Why don't they make better rules?
And give to the poor better pay?
Why don't they send us to infant school,
Instead of an infant's grave?
Mother my toils are over;
I scarcely can see you now:
Kind angels round my death-bed hover:
Farewell! to Heaven I go."

Thus murmured the dying one,
As echoed the morning peal;
None stopped to weep, as the crowd rushed on,
For none had time to feel.
In the early morning gray,
When the hour of labor comes,
She dropped her rags, and soared away
To her ransomed spirit's home.

What is it to be a *slave*,
In the midst of a wealthy land?
Let England's flag not dare to wave,
Till she answers the working man.

Till the brand of want and woe,
  Burned deep in the white man's brow,
Is felt to sink *him* in depths as low
  As his sable brother now.

Thoughts for the Living.

"THE NIGHT IS FAR SPENT; THE DAY IS AT HAND."

Now to live, Oh, how momentous!
  In this day of solemn time,
When such heav'nly signs are sent us,
  Filling us with thoughts sublime.
Words we speak now, make their impress
  On some soul, for good or ill,
Whispered on the air, though viewless,
  Years may pass, they're present still.

Like to words by diamonds graven,
  Never more to be effaced,
They will follow us to Heaven,
  'Mid its records, find a place.
Life,—Oh! what amazing power
  Sounds from out that little word!
Ah! what groans o'er wasted hours
  In the pit of woe are heard.

Life—'tis all that God has given,
  And it is a feeble span;

'Tis the time to seek for Heaven;
Do not waste it—thoughtless man!
Precious moments are too fleeting,
And the soul is all too grand
To be sold for price so cheating,
Up, and save it—sinful man!

To the eye of mortal vision,
Few can see the fearful game,
Which with smiles of cold derision,
Satan plays for thy own name.
All around us, death is bearing
Spirits to their final home:
Some unwilling, trembling, fearing;
Some unconscious when he comes.

On each cloud that floats above us,
Souls are borne by angel bands;
Sweet to think, that angels love us;
Sweet to see their beck'ning hand.
We are wending, we are wending,
'Mid the ranks that throng the path;
All to death are surely tending,
Some to glory, some to wrath.

Some are weaving, some are weaving,
With their hands, their spirit's shroud;
Jesus o'er their madness grieving
Treading on, their footsteps crowd.
Think not, with a hope deceiving,
That in death, the soul can find
All that comfort in believing,
Sent to cheer the Christian mind.

Life's the season blest for sowing;
What is sown, that shall we reap:
Life's impressions all enduring,
In the hour of death we keep.
Death is not the field of battle,
Ah, too great the hurry there!
Fearful sounds around us rattle:
'Mid such scenes can we prepare?

Shall we snatch the Christian armor?
Can we gird our weapons on?
When the soul's dread foes alarm her,
When her strength is almost gone?
Let us be wise; life yet is ours:
The Spirit knocks, the Savior calls:
Let us improve these fleeting hours,
Ere yet the curtain o'er us falls.

Our conflicts past, life's warfare o'er,
Death shall but bring us sweet repose;
The warrior's arms we need no more,
For then, we slay our mortal foes.
What looks like vict'ry, is but sleep;
What looks like darkness, is a beam
Sent out from Heav'n, which piercing deep,
Illumes each tomb, though dark it seems.

Spirit Chimes.

"HE GIVETH SONGS IN THE NIGHT."

BELLS are tolling knells of sadness,
In the spirit's secret cells:
Some are chiming hymns of gladness,
Soft and sweet as vesper bells.
When the heart is sad and lonely,
And the world is black with gloom,
Fun'ral bells are tolling only
In the spirit's darkened home.

Hours there are so dark and cheerless,
Sometimes felt by God's own child,
When the tempest raging near us,
Swells in billows fierce and wild.
'Mid that tempest, sweetly chiming,
Sound the unseen spirit bells,
Ringing hope, tho' hope's declining,
As of future joys they tell.

In the pilgrim's trying hour,
When the tempter's might is strong,
Nerved by faith, satanic power
Conquered is, by God's own Son.
Satan flies, and angel fingers
Wake the softest, sweetest chimes:
Faint at first, but long they linger,
Till they ring in fullest time.

In the spirit's parting hour,
When 'tis leaving all below,
Come the chimes, with soothing power,
Soft, and musical, and low.
Toll no more! the strife is over;
Death is past, the vict'ry won:
Heav'nly hosts there kindly hover:
Heav'nly music bears him home.

Round the graves of saints departed,
Tho' may toll the funeral bell,
Sweeter to the stricken-hearted,
Are the chimes which softly tell
Of the blessed sleep which Jesus
Gives to His beloved ones,
Till the morn when he shall take us
From death's slumber to our crown.

Christian hearts are full of singing:
Chimes are there for darkest hour;
E'en thro' midnight watches ringing
Hymns of elevating power.
Silv'ry chimes of sweetest measure,
Faint and feeble tho' they be,
Ring in Heaven peals of pleasure,
With its raptured harmony.

The Power of Sin.

"THE STING OF DEATH IS SIN."

CAN mortal pen describe
Sin's awful power?
Sprung from a single deed,
Its dark, prolific seed
Destruction showers.

God's presence blessed the home
Where man first dwelt;
And harmony divine,
With God's most holy mind,
The inmates felt.

Sin came, and sowed the seed
Of woe and death;
'Mid bowers once so fair,
It tainted all the air
With poisoned breath:

It closed the open gate
To mortal eyes:
It drew the flaming sword,
And banished Eden's lord
From Paradise.

When the dark deed was done,
Fled hope's bright star;

Like harp-strings rudely crushed,
As o'er them demons rushed,
Earth felt the jar.

Sin brought the first deep blush
To woman's brow;
It checked her joyful tread;
It bowed her drooping head
In anguish low.

It placed the first dark frown
On God's pure brow:
Thousands of years ago
Creation felt the blow,
And feels it now.

From mortal eyes it pressed
The first sad tear;
Fountains have flowed since then,
Wrung by the woes of men.
Thro' weeping years.

Sin laid its cruel hand
On the young babe;
And soon its cherished form,
Nurtured by love so warm,
In dust is laid.

It dug the first dark grave;
And in its cell,
Fell'd by a brother's blow,
Mourned with deep speechless woe,
A martyr fell.

It sunk the pit of woe,
For sinners lost;
The worm that never dies,
The flames that ever rise,
Proclaim its cost.

Its cry was heard in Heaven,
And boundless grace
Brought from his bright abode,
The blessed Son of God,
To save our race.

It placed the crown of thorns
On Jesus' brow;
It pierced His bleeding side,
And Jesus crucified
Felt its keen blow.

Oh, mystery of love!
Soon as man fell,
The blessed word forgive,
"Let man the sinner live,"
Through Heaven swell'd.

The Wail of the Cross.

"ELOI, ELOI, LAMA SABACHTANI."

FROM earth retreating, my Savior meeting,
I would be found where Jesus prostrate lies;

This awful groaning, for me atoning,
O! let me weeping, listen to his cries.
To Calv'ry wending, while crowds attending,
I'd sit with those who stayed to watch him there:
The mob despising, few sympathizing,
While wails of anguish filled the sighing air.

What human language, can paint the anguish,
Which those beheld, who near the Savior stood?
The mob tempestuous, the jeer contemptuous,
All heap'd upon the dying Lamb of God.
In air suspended, by few befriended,
While criminals were hung on either side.
Deep degradation! Oh! must salvation,
Be purchas'd by our Lord thus crucified?

Deep shadows falling, stout hearts appalling,
A veil of darkness covers all around;
A cry heart-rending, to Heav'n ascending,
From off the cross sends out a piercing sound.
By God forsaken, by demons shaken,
The cry of Eloi, in anguish wails;
These cries appalling, on God loud calling,
While all the pow'rs of hell his soul assail.

While anguish pining, life fast declining,
The dying sufferer whispers low—"I thirst:"
Demons retiring, Jesus expiring,
While "It is finished," from his lips then burst.
The earth is quaking, the rocks are shaking,
The temple's sacred vail is rent in twain:
Dead saints appearing, to many fearing,
All testifying that a God was slain.

With Jesus weeping, this vigil keeping,
O! let me hate the sins which nail'd him there,
On Jesus dying, my soul relying,
O! I would learn his blessed cross to bear.
While Calv'ry's moaning, for sin atoning,
O! let me not by wilful sin pierce him;
But by the power, of that dark hour,
May I be crucified to self and sin.

Good Friday, 1850.

The Benediction.

"THE GRACE OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST, AND THE LOVE OF GOD, AND THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE HOLY GHOST BE WITH YOU ALL EVERMORE." AMEN.

WHEN the gospel notes are fading,
On the still and solemn air,
While a breathless awe prevading,
Tells that God is present there;
In such hours of calm reflection,
'Mid the house of holy prayer,
Comes the voice of benediction,
Sweet as angel whispers are.

Floating down from clouds celestial,
When the soul is bowed with care;
When the weight of things terrestrial,
Almost drowns the voice of prayer.
In such hours of deep dejection,
From the distant vaults of Heav'n,

Comes the voice of benediction,
Whisp'ring sweet of sins forgiv'n.

In the hour of blest communion,
Sitting at the Savior's feet,
Feasting there in heavenly union,
While around his board we meet.
Breathing sighs of deep contrition,
While we bend so lowly there;
Oh! how sweet the benediction,
Breathed upon us after prayer.

In sad hours of deep affliction,
'Mid the hidings of God's face,
Oft descends the benediction,
Wafted on a gale of grace.
Like the wind-harp's airy music,
Soft and low, mysterious, sweet,
Sweeping o'er the spirit's harp-strings
Notes, which language ne'er repeats.

When life's burning toils are over,
And its deserts nearly past;
While around the dying hover
Angels watching to the last;
In this mortal, deep affliction,
Soft as vesper breezes are,
Comes the sweetest benediction,
When we bid adieu to care.

When by sister angels carried,
We arrive in sight of home,
While the hosts of blessed spirits,
Crowd to meet us, as we come.

Jesus' face, to Christians dearest,'
Beams upon each ransom'd child,
'Tis itself a benediction:
Shall we bask beneath its smile?

Sabbath Hymn.

COME, come, come,
Come to the house of God;
The Spirit sweetly calls,
To rest in his abode.
Come in the morning hour,
The shades of night are gone,
The sun shines on the flow'rs,
And the weekly toil is done.
'Tis the blessed Sabbath morn;
'Tis the day of sacred rest,
Sweet hour! come, return,
With rest for weary breasts.

Come, come, come, &c.,
The birds more sweetly sing;
Cattle more gently low,
And every living thing,
Should Sabbath blessings know.
But man, ungrateful man!
To whom this rest is giv'n,
With vain and wicked hands
Squanders the day of Heav'n.

Come, come, come, &c.,
Stillness is on the air,
And hush'd the busy hum
Of labor, come to prayer:
Come children, softly come.
Quiet is in the sky,
And naught but Sabbath bells
Is heard, sweet chiming nigh,
Of rest, and peace to tell.

Come, come, come, &c.,
Rest for the weary sons
Of earthly toil and care,
Rest for the suff'ring ones,
Who heavy burdens bear.
Rest breathes on all around;
E'en the ripple on the wave,
Seems softer still to sound,
When the shore it gently laves.

Come, come, come, &c.,
The soul on soaring wing
Enjoys this blessed day;
But alas! for earthly things,
They vanish soon away.
But we'll raise our longing eyes
To rest, and peace in Heav'n,
Where the Sabbath sun ne'er dies,
'Mid the gath'ring shades of even.

Come, come, come, &c.
Where earthly chimes no more,
Strike on the spirit's ear,

Where strains unearthly pour,
Along the heav'nly sphere.
No quick returning cares;
No fleeting Sabbath joys;
But rest, unmark'd by years,
And bliss without alloy.

Trust in God.

GIVE to the winds thy fears,
Thy doubts unto the deep;
Fling to the ocean all thy tears,
And lull thy cares to sleep.
For while to God is given
The incense of the heart,
There's no good gift on earth, or Heav'n,
In which thou hast no part.

Christian Death.

"O, GRAVE WHERE IS THY STING, O, DEATH WHERE IS THY VICTORY."

DEATH is the last dark cloud
Of mortal life;
Hanging its heavy pall
Alike o'er hut and hall;
Ending its strife.

Like clouded even-tide
Setting in gloom,
Still ush'ring coming day,
Driving night's shades away,
From the dark tomb.

'Tis the mysterious vail,
Suddenly raised,
Revealing to the sight,
Radiant with glory bright,
Heaven's holy place.

'Tis the last peaceful couch,
Where sweetly dies
Mortal's last sigh of dread;
Where the last tear is shed
By weeping eyes.

'Tis the grand vestibule
Where spirits meet:
Dark demons fly away,
While angels point the way;
Joyful to greet

Another ransomed soul,
No more to roam:
With joy they welcome him,
Where saint and seraphim
Bid him come home.

Death is the hall of art,
Where heav'nly skill,
Remoulds each crumbled form,
Clothes them with vigor warm,
By mighty will.

'Tis the deep, awful calm,
Where silent crowds,
Await the trumpet's blast,
Where every form shall haste
To drop its shroud.

'Tis the great Master's seal,
Which safely keeps,
Its watch and ward o'er those,
Who safe from ghostly foes,
In Jesus sleep.

It is the fruitful field,
Where hidden seed,
Corrupts, and turns to dust,
As every atom must,
By God decreed,

Till on the reaping day,
When seed thus sown,
Shall burst in glorious forms,
With youth immortal warm,
With glory crowned.

On a dark ebon throne,
Death sits in state,
Dealing his mighty blows,
Bringing the haughty low,
The poor, the great.

With deep, unerring hate,
He aimed a blow
E'en at the Son of God,
And while his life-blood flowed,
Earth felt the throe.

Death then, had conquered Christ,
And bowed his head;
But King of death, He rose,
And vanquished our worst foe,
And "Death is dead."

On the triumphant day
When Jesus comes,
Chained to his chariot-wheel,
Satan shall anguished feel
His awful doom.

Oh! what a triumph that!
When millions come
Victorious o'er the grave,
Thro' Him whose love had saved
And brought them home.

The Voice of Spring.

THE skies of spring are here,
I see them bright and clear,
Her soul awak'ning voice is on the air;
The clouds of heav'nly blue,
Fresh tints of varied hue,
Are gleaming round my footsteps every where.

Over the deep blue sea,
Whisp'ring thro' forest trees,
Singing her sweetest songs on breezy hill;

Softly she calls to me;—
In echoes full and free,
The depths within, are answ'ring to her still.

In days of "auld lang syne,"
When this young heart of mine
Was filled with rapture, in the spring's sweet light,
Ah! then a budding flow'r,
Possessed the wondrous pow'r,
Of flooding all my spirit with delight.

In the cool shady dell,
Where lowly violets dwell,
Her notes of melody were softly heard;
Or where the lily fair,
With fragrance filled the air,
Songs of the spring-time, in my bosom stirr'd.

Ah! then her voice so clear,
Brought joyous visions near,
But they were all of earth; and born to die;
The future then so bright,
So distant then, the night,
No cloud obscured in youth, the beauteous sky.

On the bright, sunny sky,
What pictures met the eye,
Painted by Hope's enchanted pencil fair;
But they have fled away:—
In realms of upper day,
In riper age, Faith paints her pictures *there*.

Her voice is round me still,
O'er the same distant hill,
It comes with notes as joyous as of yore;
Hope plumes again her wings,
Now loftily she sings
Of blissful scenes, beyond this mortal shore.

She comes with her fair flowr's,
Her cool refreshing show'rs,
Her bright and vivid green, her balmy breath;
All sleeping plants she wakes
From their deep sleep, and shakes
All nature, from the wintry couch of death.

All but the sleeping dead:
Her buoyant earnest tread
Is waking verdant blossoms, where they sleep;
The song of happy birds
Around their grave is heard,
No earthly spring, can break their slumbers deep.

Still let thy highest notes,
Sweet spring! above them float,
For thou art chanting a majestic strain,
Of that eternal spring,
Which Jesus then shall bring,
When death is dead, and youth returns again.

Thy grass so fresh and green;
Thy skies with smile serene;
Thy beauteous flowers which around me stand;
Thy gently flowing streams;
All to my fancy seems
Like speaking pictures of the better land.

Earth's wintry days are past;
Eternal spring at last
Shall call the sleepers from their lowly tomb:
The parted, face to face
Shall meet in close embrace,
When Jesus for his own beloved comes.

To my Mother.

FOR MR. J——, AND MISS C. B——.

My mother! can it be that thou hast left me?
And must I tread this wilderness alone?
Ah! death, of what a friend hast thou bereft me,
Since she has gone.

In the soft ev'ning hour, then I miss thee,
When bending round a Father's throne of grace,
Ere to my couch retiring, I would kiss thee.
Thy vacant place

Draws from my heart deep sighs of bitter anguish;
Yet oft I watch for thee, at op'ning door,
Ah, me! those home delights for which I languish,
Can come no more.

Thou wert to me, a friend most fondly cherished:
Thy sweet affection was a boundless deep
Of priceless treasures, gone alas! and perished.
Earth could not keep

My mother from her Savior's blessed mansion,
When her kind angel said, "Come up on high;"
In the rapt prospect of the soul's expansion,
'Twas bliss to die.

Over my infant days I see thee tending,
Around my cradle-bed, I hear thee still;
On through my riper years, thy love defending
From every ill.

How can I dwell on earth, without my mother?
How can I wander through our lonely halls?
Love so profound and sweet, can e'er another,
Such bliss recall?

And must we round the table sit in sadness?
Where her mild eye on us so kindly beamed,
Ready to join in all our hours of gladness,
Ah! blissful dreams!

Not vanished quite; for ours was heav'nly union,
In thought, in hope, in aim we all were one,
In the sweet rapture of the saint's communion.
We yet pass on

To the blest land, which she has reached forever;
She has but gone before—in Christ asleep,
And we shall meet again—to part—no, never!
Then wherefore weep?

A few more years when we have reached the river
Which separates believers from their Lord,
Tho' its cold waves may make our spirit's shiver
We'll cross the ford,

And then, once more, the band so sadly severed,
Shall in the rapture of a fond embrace,
Then with the Savior meet, to dwell forever
There, face to face.

"Young Man, I say unto thee, Arise."

ADDRESSED TO MY FORMER PUPILS.

YOUNG man, arise! God's message calls thee now,
Early in life, to choose the better part;
Now, while the dew of youth is on thy brow,
And its warm blood is coursing through thy heart.
When the world beckons thee, with witching smile,
And strews thy path with pleasure's rosy flowers;
When it would seek thy fancy to beguile,
And waste in empty mirth, thy precious hours.

Young man, arise! and scorn to be the slave
Of sin and Satan, grov'lling in the dust;
Bury the world deep in an early grave,
And seek thy joys with souls of heav'nly birth.
Those silken fetters cast from off thy feet;
Pant for an atmosphere of purer love,
And thou shalt find, how blessed and how sweet,
Are sympathies, which lift thy soul above.

Young man, arise! and gird thine armor on,
For thou hast need in such a treach'rous world,

Where thou must in the Christian race now run,
Or see thy hopes of Heaven, to ruin hurled.
Not 'gainst the enemies of flesh and blood,
Must thou, young soldier, clad in armor stand;
Thy foes are mighty, hard to be subdued,
And thou must meet them, fighting hand to hand.

Young man, arise! and let thy youthful loins
Be girded up with truth's supporting zone,
And take the breast-plate which the Lord enjoins,
Bright with the righteousness, from Christ brought down.
Shod with the sandals strong of gospel peace;
Thus may thy feet with firmer footstep tread;
And hope of final triumph never cease
To be the helmet, worn upon thy head.

Young man, arise! and grasp the shield of faith
With a strong hand, nor ever let it fall;
It will defend, e'en to the gates of death;
And by its brightness all thy foes appal.
Draw from its scabbard, the well-tempered sword
As a strong weapon to defend thy soul,
No hellish foe can battle down the word,
Sharper than two-edged sword, sin to control.

Young man, arise! thus clad in armor stand,
And march with steadfast tramp along the road
Which they have trod, who now at God's right hand,
Triumphant wave the banner, bought with blood.
The clang of ringing armor there shall cease;
The helmet to the crown, shall then give way
There palms of vict'ry, and the kiss of peace
Shall bless the victor, in eternal day.

The Unfortunate.

"YES, PUSH HIM DOWN."

WHEN smiling fair prosperity,
Upon our steps attends,
Ah! then in gay and flatt'ring troops,
Come crowds of gracious friends.
Alas! for human charity,
Let Providence but frown,
How oft their actions seem to say,
We'll push him, push him down.
Yes, push him down, O, push him down,
For he 's an idle man,
Or surely he would prosper now,
Alone we'll let him stand.

True, once he was a noble soul,
With open, gen'rous hand,
Ready with kindly benefits,
To aid his brother man.
But let the current of his life
Cease to flow smoothly on,
Then oft the very friends he served,
By coldness, push him down.
Yes, push him down, &c.

With pride's strong magnifying glass,
How many faults are seen,
Which in the days of smiling wealth,
Behind a friendly screen

Were hidden from the sycophants,
Who now have faithless flown.
Ah! little think the reckless crowd,
How fast they push him down.
Yes, push him down, &c.

Oh, yes, he was extravagant;
This is the thoughtless cry
Raised by the heartless multitude,
Who pass him coldly by.
'Tis true his noble nature bleeds;
That in the world alone,
He now must bear the cruelty
Of those who push him down.
Yes, push him down, &c.

He's nothing left but his good name,
But what is that to those
Who never knew the bitterness
Of poverty's deep woes?
How ruthlessly they scan him now,
With natures hard as stone,
By word, and look, and cutting sneer,
Pushing the poor man down.
Yes, push him down, &c.

Oh! give him but a helping hand,
A kind and cordial word,
More precious to the sinking heart,
Than miser's golden hoard.
Oh! do not by a thoughtless word,
Or sneer so lightly thrown,

E'er break the bruised, the bleeding heart:
Oh! do not push him down.
Yes, push him down, &c.

The value of a brother's love
You cannot fully know,
Till you have sunk beneath the weight
Of sorrow's crushing blow.
A smile to him, a word of hope,
Will raise him from the ground:
Ah! do not then by cold neglect,
Push your poor brother down.
Yes, push him down, &c.

The Savior bids his followers
Each other's burdens bear;
It lightens half the misery
Of overwhelming care.
Then, shall we not with Christian love,
Bless him with loving tones?
Or like the empty, mocking world,
Neglectful, push him down.
Yes, push him down, &c.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

Greetings to Absent Ones.

To dearest little Lucy, and loving-hearted Nett;
To the merry little prattler, and our darling absent pet:
I would send my kindly greetings with a very tender kiss,
And bid you both be quiet, if you can, while reading this.

I received your invitation to the Concert, and I'm sure
If Cinderella's fairy could have brought me to your door,
I should have come with gladness, but she never called for me;
And so I had to stay at home and be content, you see.

But if I had been there my dears, I fear I should have run
To join the warblers out of doors; that might have spoiled the fun;
For mamma told me such a tale about their moonlight song,
I fear I should have left you all to join their happy throng.

And yet it would be very sweet to hear Nett's lively notes,
And little Lucy's lisping song, which thro' my mem'ry floats;
O, may the deeper tones which sound from out your youthful hearts,
Be tuned to heav'nly music, such as love to God imparts.

I think I see you, Nettie, with your bounding step of glee,
Tripping about among the flowers, like a honey-seeking bee;
I hope you're just as busy, when the hour of study comes,
In gath'ring stores of knowledge, in your highly favored home.

And when your daily tasks are done, just like a happy bird,
I see you flitting all about, where'er their notes are heard;
I hear your laugh of merriment, I see your face of joy,
Alas! that aught should ever come, its brightness to destroy.

Dear Nettie, plant a garden within your youthful breast,
Of sweetest flowers, and healing plants, and bowers of peaceful rest,
With fountains of o'erflowing joy, and rivers of delight,
To cheer you 'mid the darkest hours of life's approaching night.

In early youth, pluck out the weeds of deep indwelling sin;
Break up the hard and fallow ground, and plant your seeds within:
Seeds which will yield a harvest, of peace, and joy, and love,
Which will fit you, dearest, for this world, and for the one above.

To prattling little Lucy, I now must say good-bye,
When mamma says, "No, no,"—I hope she does not cry;
I hope that she is very good, and very happy too;
Once more good-bye, dear Lucy, mamma, and Nettie too.

As Nett and Lucy's loving friend, you always must believe her,
Who signs herself H. M., or Harriet B. McKeever.

Christmas Greetings.

A HAPPY, happy Christmas!
My heart would wish for thee:
Surrounded by the friends thou lov'st,
'Mid the glow of youthful glee.

A happy, happy journey!
With the Savior for thy friend;
Through this world of sin and sorrow,
To the land where sorrows end.

In every grace improving,
As thy years so swiftly run,
Oh! thus prepare for blissful days,
In the world beyond the tomb.

A happy, happy New Year!
Full of hope and holy joy,
With thy young heart fixed on Heav'n,
May'st thou scorn each earthly toy.

Thus, thus thy friend would wish thee,
With all thy heart holds dear,
A bright and cheerful Christmas,
With a truly blest New-Year.

To my Little Friends.

CHRISTMAS-EVE.

WHAT shall I wish thee,
My dear little friend?
Plenty of pennies,
On good things to spend?
Shall I wish that Kriskingle,
When thou art asleep,
Shall near to thy bedside,
So silently creep?

Will this make thee happy?
When Christmas is here,
Should he bring thee in plenty,
All kinds of good cheer?
Ah! no, I would wish
That thy Savior may come,
In his goodness and mercy,
To guide thee safe home.

I would wish thee a bright,
Cheerful Christmas, my dear;
And with those who love thee,
A happy New-Year!
If thou would'st be happy,
Be good, my dear child:
Be loving, obedient,
Be gentle and mild.

From a merry sprite,
On this Christmas night,
I think you scarce can tell her;
Who signs her name,
The very same,
As Walter Scott's Fennella.

Little Amy.

FROM THE GERMAN.

NONE TOO POOR TO DO GOOD.

THERE dwelt in the country a poor little maid;
One Sunday to church, her young footsteps had strayed,
And sadly she listened, her spirit bowed down,
To the pastor's kind words, in deep, earnest tones:
"If you, my dear children, would wish to please God,
Though poor your condition, and mean your abode,
You still have one talent, which you can improve;
'Tis a hand that can help in the labors of love."

Poor Amy (mistaken) sat weeping alone;
No good she'd accomplished, no *great* action done;
For she felt in her heart that she was so poor
That *she* never could do any good, she was sure.
The poor little maiden, with heart so forlorn,
Laid down by a rose-bush, all wearied and worn,
Where dusty the leaves, and faded the flowers,
They seemed to be sighing for soft summer showers.

Soon gently her footsteps were rapidly going
To where a cool streamlet was noiselessly flowing;
She patiently washed every withering leaf,
The cool, dripping water brought speedy relief:
Then the rose-bush revived, and the flowers looked up
With a bright, rosy smile, as she watered each cup:
She smiled back in return, and wiped off the tear,
Revived by the whisper breathed soft in her ear.

Then onward she walked to her desolate home,
By the side of the brook whence the water had come;
And almost she envied the bright, silver stream,
Which back to the flowers had brought life's fresh beam:
While watching the water, she spied a large stone,
Which hindered the streamlet from flowing along:
Its prattling, so sparkling and merry, was gone;
She stopped, deeply musing—"What's now to be done?"

So down in the stream with her bare little feet
She waded, resolving that if it were meet
To move the great obstacle, it should be done,
And then the clear stream could dance merrily on:
And long she endeavored the stone to remove;
At last, on the bank she had placed it above,
Then onward so gaily, the sportive stream rushed,
Till deep in the ocean its babblings were hushed.

Its musical murmurings sang a sweet song
Of thanks to the maid, as it rippled along;
She thought of the rose, and the stream she had blessed,
And joy's flutt'ring pinions were stirred in her breast.
Still onward she journeyed, and under a tree
At the door of a cottage, what should she see

But a sick little child, whose mother had gone
To glean in the wheat-fields, and left him alone.

But ere she departed, she made a small toy
To amuse, while alone, her sick little boy:
'Twas a wind-mill with sails, which stirred by the breeze,
Had oft in her absence the little one pleased.
The wind lulled to silence, not e'en a slight breeze
Moved softly a leaflet among the tall trees,
The sails of the wind-mill amused now no more
The sad little boy, by the low cottage door.

Now over the hedge, to the child so forlorn,
Amy bounded so quick, that her dress was all torn;
And soon by his side, falling down on her knees,
She supplied from her lips a kind, loving breeze;
Then quickly the sails were in motion again;
The child in his pleasure, forgot all his pain,
Then clapping his hands as sweet Amy appears,
His smiles all return, and dried are his tears.

With playful endearments, and patience untired,
Unwearied she knelt, with a brow love inspired;
Till the sick little boy fell sweetly asleep,
So tired of laughing,—in slumbers so deep.
The shadows of ev'ning soon falling around,
Her footsteps turned homeward, where no joyous sound
E'er welcomed her coming, for no love was there
For poor little Amy, shrinking now with despair.

As she neared the cottage, accents fierce and loud
Uttered by the voice, which oft her heart had bowed;

'Twas a drunken parent's—sinking on the floor
Amy fell in terror,—near the open door.
Bitter were the curses when he saw the rent
In her tattered garments; and by fury sent
On her youthful temple, fell a mortal blow,
Like a blasted flower—laying Amy low.

Ah! too late the anguish which in fearful cries
Rent the air around her, as she closed her eyes,
Folded her pale hands, and bowed her drooping head,
For neglected Amy, by that blow lay dead.
Round the lifeless figure, on the lowly bier
There the stricken parents poured repentant tears,
Strewed with beauteous flowers, the unconscious clay,
Mourned too late, the closing of her youthful day.

While hot tears of sorrow o'er the child they poured,
Gently in the stillness ope'd the chamber door;
Soft the little streamlet passed in silence by,
Sprinkling with its waters, Amy's closed eyes.
Through her pale lips dropping, flowing thro' her veins:
Setting blood in motion, life returned again;
Then she heard the voices of the gentle waves,
As in grateful showers, round her form they laved.

Then, they gently murmured, "This we do to thee,
Gentle little maid, thus thou didst set us free;
Now we come unsealing death's close-veiled eyes,
And to life returning—bid thee joyful rise."
Now within the chamber, on soft flutt'ring wings
Gentle breezes enter—life and health to bring;
Tenderly sweet kisses on her forehead pressed,
Breathed fresh sighs so loving, through her heaving breast.

Thus the zephyr whispered—"This we bring to thee,
For thy breath imparted all so lovingly,
Soothing the sad moments of a suff'ring child,
Making thee so happy, by his grateful smile."
Quickened pulses beating, Amy felt the bliss
Of reviving powers; and with loving kiss
Pressed the fragrant flowers which around her lay;
Felt the blessed rapture of returning day.

When the breeze had murmured all its soothing words,
Near the door, a rustling as of wings was heard,
And an angel gliding stood before the child,
With a wreath of flowers—then sweet Amy smiled.
Then the beauteous roses, the kind angel laid
On the cheeks so pallid, of the little maid;
Quick the blush returning to her youthful cheek,
While the grateful flowers, thus in whispers speak:

"When with thirst expiring, on the ground we lay,
Withered by the sun-beams of a summer day,
In return for water brought so tenderly,
Health's bright-blooming roses, we would bring to thee."
Ere the angel left her, on her lips he pressed,
On her eyes and forehead, a kiss and sweet caress;
Then life's full strength returning, raised her drooping head,
Ere the angel vanished, thus he kindly said:

"Blessings all untold, shall ever rest on thee;
For in all thy weakness and deep poverty,
Like the glowing sunshine, thou didst stoop to bless
Child, and rose, and streamlet, in thy tenderness.

Now the gentle Amy, felt a thrill of joy,
Hence to live for God, should be her sweet employ;
With a thankful spirit, she arose again,
Walking in her meekness, 'mong the haunts of men.

Pride Rebuked.

"MOTHER, I am very angry,
For my teacher said to-day,
That my help in speaking pieces,
Is to be Maria Gray."
"Well, my daughter, what's the matter?
Is Maria very rude?
Disobedient? careless? idle?
Or in temper unsubdued?"

"No mamma,—that's not the reason,
But she is so very poor;
And her clothes are mean and shabby,
I could not the shame endure,
To be seen before the public,
With the daughter of a man,
Who is but a poor mechanic,
No indeed!—I never can."

"Can it be my daughter speaking?
Can she modest worth deride?
I've a tale to tell—rebuking
All such words of sinful pride

In a cottage, very humble,
Peaceful dwelt some years ago,
Round a happy, quiet fireside,
Those whose lot in life was low.

"In that sweet, domestic circle
Lived a poor man and his wife,
With a babe and aged mother,
Struggling for the means of life.
Once, upon a winter ev'ning,
Duty called the mother out;
Ere she left her sleeping baby,
At the door she turned about,

"Speaking to her aged mother
Who was seated near the fire,
With her baby in the cradle
Of its playful gambols tired;
'Mother, pray be very careful
Lest the spark should catch your dress;'
Ere she went, she blessed the baby,
With a mother's fond caress.

"Scarcely had she crossed the threshold,
Ere the grandma fell asleep;
Soon a spark the flames enkindling,
Roused her from her slumbers deep;
Helpless, aged—she had perished,
But a stranger heard the cry,
Saw the flames, and Heaven-directed,
Quickly brought deliverance nigh.

"Snatched the baby from the cradle;
Boldly quenched the rising flames;

Saving thus the lives so precious
From a death too sad to name:
Then he vanished; long they sought him,
Till at last his home they found;
'Twas a splendid, wealthy mansion,
By cool shade encircled round.

"There they traced the noble stranger,
With his pious, gentle wife;
Both in deeds of active kindness,
Filling up a useful life.
Oft the wife was seen caressing,
On her sympathizing breast,
That sweet babe with smiles unconscious,
As it softly sank to rest.

"Years had passed, and startling changes
Had reversed their earthly lot;
Riches fled away forever
From the rich man to the cot:
While the poor man rose and prospered,
Rich in houses and in land,
Daily food the rich man purchased,
By the labor of his hands.

"But he had one precious treasure
Left to cheer him on his way,
'Twas a faithful, loving daughter;
Hear her name,—'Maria Gray!'
And the baby saved from burning
By the noble, generous man,
Is my proud and scornful daughter!
Ah, how self-condemned she stands!"

Thus the mother's useful lesson
Bowed in shame her daughter's head;
Filled her heart with tender sorrow,
For the sinful words she'd said.
And if tempted by the passion
Which had led her feet astray,
She would oft recal the story
Of this sweet Maria Gray.

Then she loved the gentle maiden,
For her modest, quiet worth,
And tho' poor and very needy,
As her friend always stood forth.
Never once the truth forgetting,
That her father's hand had saved
Her young life, himself forgetting
From an infant's early grave.

Boys, Beware of Serpents.

A SNAKE is in the wine-cup,
Though sparkling, bright, and red,
'Twill sting your soul with anguish;
'Twill fill your heart with dread.
'Twill gnaw your very vitals;
'Twill scorch the burning brain;
And visions dark and dismal,
Will follow in its train.

When the first blush is rising,
As scoffing words are spoke,
Deriding you, for bending
To a mother's gentle yoke.
Beware! a snake is hissing
Poisoned whispers in your ear;
Beware! nor think it manly,
To scorn a friend so dear.

When evil guides are pointing
To a path, all strewn with flow'rs;
To scenes of guilty pleasure,
'Mid earth's enchanted bow'rs.
Remember—Oh! remember,
Though all seems smiling fair,
Just ready to delude you,
A snake is hidden there.

When books of specious evil
Are scattered in your path;
Beware! for darkly hidden,
There lie, the shades of death.
And in those dark dominions,
Beyond the reach of prayer,
'Mid relics of the ruined,
Are serpents hidden there.

Beware! of open scoffing,
Beware! of secret sneers,
Beware! of all these serpents,
When first they would appear

To draw your feet from wisdom's way,
Or from your childhood's home,
For 'neath the roof of piety,
These reptiles will not come.

A Father's Lesson.

"HEAR the tempest! hear the tempest
See our vessel fiercely tost!
Mark the surges bursting o'er her,
Oh! I fear that we are lost!"
Murmured thus, a child in anguish,
As he leaned in wild alarm,
On his father's manly bosom,
Calm amidst the raging storm.

"Father, are we not in danger?
Does your spirit feel no fear?
In your eye, I see no quailing,
And your brow is smooth and clear."
Then from out a rusty scabbard,
Quick he drew a glitt'ring sword,
Aimed it at his darling's bosom,
Yet he uttered not a word.

Calm the boy, with eye so loving,
Gazed upon his father's face;
Feared no sword, while closely folded
In that parent's fond embrace.

"Why, my son, no fearful trembling?
Or of terror, not a word?"
"No, my father, warm affection
Guides the hand, that holds the sword."

"Thus, my boy, learn here a lesson,
Wind, and fire, and fiercest storm,
Guided by God's love and wisdom,
Cannot do believers harm.
Though the billows should engulf us,
Heav'nly legions hover near
To conduct our spirits homeward,
Wherefore, then, should Christians fear?"

What the Wind Says.

"REMEMBER THE POOR."

A DEAR little little prattler,
Was seated one day
On her grandpapa's knee,
In her own pleasant way,
She looked up so smiling
And said, "Grandpa dear,
Do you know what the wind says,
This time of the year?"

"No, dear little pussy,
(As stroking her hair,)
Now tell me, my darling,
I am ready to hear."
"In piercing December,
It knocks at the door,
And it says very plainly,
'Remember the poor.'

"It comes down the chimney
And in the loud roar,
It speaks in strong accents,
'Remember the poor.'
In the cold winter night,
Through the cracks of the door,
It is whistling as shrilly,
'Remember the poor.'

"On the bleak winter day,
When you walk in the street,
And you button your coat,
To keep off the sleet;
When the snows of December
Are driving before,
Then softly it whispers,
'Remember the poor.'"

"What does the child mean?
Is she not warm enough?
Does she want a fur tippet?
Or a dear little muff?"
"No, no, my dear grandpa,
I am thinking of those

Who have no winter stockings,
No warm woolen clothes."

The voice of December
Speaking through the keen wind,
Was heard ever after
By the old man so kind.
And many a suff'rer
Might bless evermore,
The sweet little sermon,
'Remember the poor.'

Little Mary.

OFT I see a youthful figure,
In my pensive waking dreams;
Passing by in smiling silence,
Like a sprite, the image seems.
Light-blue eyes, and speaking features,
Dimples round the rosy mouth,
Flaxen hair, and skin transparent,
Face, that beamed with love and truth.

Birdlike motions, light and airy,
Voice of merriment and glee;
This was once our little Mary:
When shall we such sweetness see?
Tho' so sportive in her nature,
E'en a silken rein could check,

By parental care and fondness,
Laid upon her gentle neck.

As the summer lake transparent,
With the light of perfect truth,
Thus she walked, so pure and guileless,
In the innocence of youth.
Bright and sparkling was her spirit,
Quick her intellect to learn,
Blest the task to those who taught her;
Sweet the love which she returned.

Fearing God, and hating evil,
In her simple way she trod,
Walking onward, trusting, loving,
To the Savior's blest abode
I can see her tripping lightly
On the holy Sabbath morn;
Smiling on her little brother,
Gently guiding him along.

Once, when wintry winds were blowing,
Going home from school one day,
She espied a childish beggar,
Sadly walking on her way.
Crossing quick, with tones so loving,
Speaking kind and gentle words;
Not too proud to walk beside her,
Giving all her little hoard.

When rude girls would hurt and tease her,
Quick she'd wipe her falling tears,

And to hide the guilty culprits,
With soft smiles, she would appear.
Begging they might be forgiven,
For they had not hurt her much;
If the meek are heirs of Heaven,
Surely she was one of such.

Mem'ry brings that past vacation,
When we bade the kind adieu.
Bright with youthful hope, we parted,
Soon our labors to renew.
Thus our lovely little Mary
Parting from a friend she loved,
Uttered words so blithe and hopeful,
As they joyful homeward moved.

"Meet me Sarah, on the morning,
When our school begins again,
Then we'll run along together:
Now, we'll kiss good-bye, till then."
Sarah came, but little Mary
Never met her on the way;
Cold within the church-yard sleeping,
Calm the little slumberer lay.

Now we feel that she has vanished,
Like a sunbeam from our path,
But we trace her ransomed spirit,
Free from sorrow, free from wrath.
One within those blessed mansions,
Where the Lamb her footsteps guides;
Housed in Heaven, and forever
Safe beyond death's swelling tide.

Illustrations of the Lord's Prayer.

THE LITTLE VOYAGERS.

"OUR FATHER, WHO ART IN HEAVEN."

ONE pleasant summer afternoon,
Two little children strayed
Along the beach, in search of shells,
And merrily they played.
At last, they spied a little boat,
All fastened to the pier;
But quick their little hands unwound
The rope, as free from fear,

They stepped into the tempting boat,
And seized the dripping oars;
Soon was their feeble bark afloat,
And rowing from the shore.
They shouted loud with childish joy:
But soon the sister's hands
Grew weary, and she dropped her oar,
Far from the ocean's strand.

Now night drew on; they knew not how
Their little bark to guide;
Vain was their childish stock of strength,
To stem the ocean's tide.
The brother's eye now quailed with fear;
With agonizing brain
He thought of that dear mother's face
He ne'er might see again.

Farther and farther floated out
Their boat, so small and frail,
They scarce could see the distant land;
Nor e'en a distant sail.
Alone, alone, they felt it now,
While darkness round them closed;
"Come, brother, let us look to God;
He comforts all our woes."

Then down they knelt within the boat,
Clasped in each other's arms;
And as they breathed their evening prayer,
Felt free from all alarms:
"Our Father, who in Heaven art,
Oh, hear our feeble cry;
Defend us now throughout this night,
Beneath this evening sky."

Then laid they down and sweetly slept,
Secure from every fear;
While angel bands kept watch o'er them,
Till morning light appeared.
A home-bound vessel coming in
Descried their little boat;
What their surprise, so far from land,
To see it there afloat!

And there, in infant innocence,
The little sleepers lay,
Secure beneath the care of Heaven,
Until the beams of day
Unclosed their lids, to meet the gaze
Of friendly strangers' eye,

Who wondering listened to the tale
Of trusting infancy.

"We found 'twas night, and so we said,
'Our Father, who art in Heaven;'
And then we knew that He would hear
The prayer which He has given.
Now take us to our dearest home;
For mother's heart will mourn
Until she clasps us in her arms,
And finds us safe returned."

FEMALE IMPIETY.

"HALLOWED BE THY NAME."

One day, as mingling with the crowd,
A youthful form I met,
Radiant with glowing beauty's charms:
Not soon can I forget
The sparkling eye, the witching smile,
The lips of coral hue.
Alas! that words irreverent
Should taint their balmy dew.

For as I passed, her Maker's name
Was spoke in scoffing tones;
And Heaven's high and holy place
In oaths was called upon;
And quickly vanished all her charms;
The crown of beauty fell:
Woman! without the fear of God,
How sunk! no tongue can tell!

E'en in the audience-chamber grand,
Where God to man descends,
In frothy speech, and giddy smiles,
The sacred hours she spends.
Oh! woman, could'st thou know how blest
In Christian homes art thou;
Go, where the laws of heathen lands
Have bowed her neck so low.

Swear not by Heaven, for 'tis His throne;
And swear not by the earth,
For 'tis the footstool of our King,
His place of mortal birth.
Take thou the shoes from off thy feet,
When in the house of God:
Remember 'tis His chosen seat;
The place of His abode.

Remember all thy countless sins;
Remember Jesus' blood:
Remember, when thou comest there,
This is the day of God.
Think of His spotless holiness,
Think of thy spirit's stain;
Till from the heart, thou'st learned to pray,
"All hallowed be thy name."

LINDA GRAY.

"THY KINGDOM COME."

"Thy kingdom come!" prayed Linda Gray:
That prayer was never heard:

For, hurried o'er by thoughtless lips,
They were but muttered words.
So full of youthful merriment,
She scarce had time for thought,
Until the Spirit's melting power,
Her heart to Jesus brought.

"Thy kingdom come!" prayed Linda Gray,
And in her gentle eyes,
A softer light of heavenly love,
Reflected from the skies,
Marked her for Heaven in her bloom;
And tho' as full of joy;
How she could glorify her Lord,
Was *hence* her sole employ.

"Thy kingdom come!" prayed Linda Gray:
How can I show my love?
Sudden, a glowing heav'n-born thought
Descended from above.
"To heathen lands, Oh! let me go!
Dear mother, may it be?
There will be time enough for joy,
Beyond life's troubled sea."

"Thy kingdom come!" prayed Linda Gray,
And soon across the sea,
A white-winged vessel bore her on,
To where her heart would be.
To Burmah's children she was sent,
And with a martyr's zeal,
By day, by night, she sought for them,
Their everlasting weal.

* * * * *

Years passed away,—and in the land
Which once had been her home,
One sultry Sabbath afternoon,
Within a sacred dome
A stranger stood, of lofty mien,
And brightly-beaming eye;
The swarthy skin, and foreign air,
Spoke of an eastern sky.

He raised his voice, and while he spoke,
With eye so full of love,
With feelings deep, and gushing tears,
The multitude were moved.
"My friends, in Burmah's distant land,
My early days were spent;
I was an ignorant heathen child,
Until by Heaven was sent

"A gentle woman to my home,
And in whose lovely face,
There shown the light of holiness,
Shed from a Savior's grace.
She took me by this tawny hand,
She led me to the cross;
I gave up idols, cruel rites,
And glory in their loss.

"And here I stand, a Christian man,
On this most holy day;
The peace of God is in my heart,
And I have learned to pray
'Thy kingdom come!' henceforth my joy
Shall be, to tell abroad

The riches of redeeming grace,
The matchless love of God.

"My friends, there is a little grave
In Burmah's heathen land,
And o'er it sing our native birds,
And round it, children stand;
Where flowers grow in richest bloom,
In a region far away;
Honored and blest by those she loved,
There slumbers, Linda Gray."

* * * * *

"Thy kingdom come!" prayed Linda Gray,
"Thy kingdom come!" she lived;
And though so short the race she ran,
How blessed! to believe
That in the upper realms of bliss,
She waits the glorious day,
When to her loved embrace are given,
Those she has taught to pray.

IN MEMORY OF SUSAN ALLIBONE.

"MADE PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING."

"THY WILL BE DONE ON EARTH, AS IT IS DONE IN HEAVEN."

In a sweet, secluded village,
Stood a home of peace and love,
Where the inmates gathered daily,
Heavenly manna from above.

'Mid the shade of trees so lofty,
Peaceful quiet breathed around:
Every spot around that dwelling,
Seems like consecrated ground.

For within a little cottage,
Thickly shaded from the sun,
There's a hallowed, peaceful chamber,
Sacred to one name alone.
There a saint prepared for glory:
On a couch of suff'ring laid,
There she smiled thro' years of anguish;
There she suffered, there she prayed.

I can see her form so wasted,
Clad in robe of purest white;
And her brow so fair and peaceful,
With a smile so heavenly bright:
I can see the holy aspect,
Speaking deep of victory won,
While each glance so meekly uttered,
"Father, may Thy will be done."

There I see a little table,
With her books, and desk, and flowers!
How she loved their blest communion
In her silent, lonely hours!
How she loved each bud and blossom!
How she basked in Heaven's own sun!
Still she smiled without repining,
"Father, may Thy will be done."

I can see her hand transparent,
Laid upon a feeble child,

While with tones so deeply moving,
She has prayed in accents mild.
I can hear her words of wisdom,
Which so many souls have won,
Pressing on them lessons holy;
Thus, her Father's will was done.

Days of trial! nights of anguish!
Still while she could hold a pen,
Pouring out her heart's compassion,
She would plead with sinful men.
While the thoughtless child of pleasure,
Heedless trod life's giddy round,
She was lab'ring, toiling, praying;
Thus, her Father's will was done.

By the light of holy living
She attracted souls to Heaven;
Who, in answer to her pleadings,
To her faith, as stars, were given.
Gospel trumpets clear are sounding,
Whose first peal was wakened there
By a gentle woman's teachings,
Sanctified by earnest prayer.

In that chamber, loving spirits
Kindly soothed her every sigh:
Watching o'er her was sweet service
To the friends who hovered nigh.
Very near the gate of Heaven,
Patient laid the waiting one;
Long her guardian angel tarried,
Still she smiled, "Thy will be done."

Till at last, a pitying angel
On her lips a kiss impressed,
Winning thus the parting spirit
To her everlasting rest.
Now, as strangers pass the chamber
Where her victory was won,
Still they hear those dying whispers,
"Father, may Thy will be done."

CHILDISH FAITH.

"GIVE US THIS DAY, OUR DAILY BREAD."

In a forest dark and dreary,
Stood a cottage all alone;
Hov'ring near a smould'ring fire,
Frightened by the tempest's moan,
Cowered down two little children,
While the furious tempest raged:
Lightnings flashed and thunders rattled,
As the fearful warfare waged.

Near the door, an aged miser
Storm-staid on his homeward way,
Stood, afraid to ask for shelter,
Fearing that he'd have to pay.
While he wrapped his rags about him,
Trembling 'mid the awful storm,
Voices spoke within that cottage,
Full of feeling, young and warm.

"I am very hungry, Nettie,
I have hunted all in vain
For a cold potato paring,
Or of corn, one single grain.
How the awful storm is raging!
I can hear the cracking boughs;
E'en the very trees are rocking;
One has fallen near the house.

"See! what care the Lord has taken,
That on us it should not fall,
And since He has been so gracious,
He may hear us if we call.
Let us pray, that He will send us
Bread our hungry mouths to feed;"
Then repeating 'Our Father,
Give us now our daily bread.'

"Let us stop then, very silent,
Till our Father sends us bread:"
Then they knelt, with faith so trusting,
While their childish prayer they said.
Near, the miser lingered list'ning,
And the silence eloquent,
Touched a chord of human feeling,
And the marble bosom rent.

In a neighb'ring little village,
He, a single loaf had bought
To supply his hungry cravings;
Now—his new-born feelings sought
How to feed the little creatures;
So he softly moved the door,

Quickly dropped the precious morsel
On the children's cottage floor.

Oh! how sweet the joyful feelings!
In that moment to him given,
When he heard the simple accents,
"See! it came right down from Heaven.
I have always heard how gracious:
How forgiving, and how good,
Was our blessed Heavenly Father:
Let us ever love our God."

Soon was hushed the fearful raging
Of the tempest howling wild;
And the miser, home returning,
Ever loved a little child.
For their whispered lisping accents,
Quite had thawed the icy heart,
And a little child had led him
Late, to choose the better part.

Ere he died, he gave the cottage
To the poor man for his home,
And the little children wondered
Often how the change had come.
Little did they think, how mighty
Was that feeble, trusting prayer:
Bringing to them bread from Heaven,
And a home for future years.

LITTLE MABEL.

"FORGIVE US OUR TRESPASSES, AS WE FORGIVE THOSE WHO HAVE TRESPASSED AGAINST US."

Once there was a little maiden:
All who met her kindly smiled;
For about her dwelt such sweetness,
Every body loved the child.
In her eyes, there shone a gladness,
Kindled by the Holy Dove,
Round her lips lay smiles so tender,
Breathed from founts of heavenly love.

In her tones of voice, so flute-like,
Naught was heard but loving words;
In her motions all so airy,
Graceful as a flitting bird.
If you asked her, "Little Mabel,
Why do people love you so?"
She would say, "I cannot answer,
Only that I love them too."

Once she had a little neighbor,
Who beside her, sat at school,
But she loved not little Mabel,
All her words and looks were cool.
For within her childish bosom
Lay a passion, dark and drear;
Envy, like a snake, had muttered
Poisoned whispers in her ear.

When the gentle Mabel touched her;
With a deep satanic spite,
Bessie then would pinch her rudely,
All her kindness would requite
Only with malicious actions;
When she met her in the street,
She would throw her in the gutter,
And her tauntings oft repeat.

Still the lovely little Mabel
Prayed for Bessie morn and even;
Prayed that she might still forgive her,
As she hoped to be forgiven.
Then, she tried if love could win her,
And would give the very best
Of the plums, her mother gave her,
And contented, kept the rest.

Once as walking home together,
Some rude boys poor Bessie threw
In a ditch, with mud and brambles,
Drenched her clothing through and through;
Little Mabel kindly helped her,
Wiped her face, and kissed her cheek,
Then she sweetly led her homeward;
Bessie, scarce for shame could speak.

When they reached her mother's threshold,
Bessie's face all bathed in tears,
Mabel saw that she had conquered;
Oh! how sweet those tears appear!
Thus we see the real meaning,
Of the burning coals of fire,

Melting down the hardest nature,
By a love so heaven-inspired.

UNANSWERED PRAYERS.

"LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION."

"Into temptation lead us not:"
Thus mocking prayed a man,
In tones of seeming reverence,
But by Omniscience scanned.
They were but vain, unmeaning words,
For from the bended knee,
Where sinful mirth and revel reigned,
He scrupled not to be.

"Into temptation lead us not:"
These were the solemn words,
Breathed lightly from a maiden's lips,
Ere with the careless herd
She mingled in the whirling dance,
And in the scoffer's seat
She heedless sat, with giddy mien,
And tripped with flying feet.

"Into temptation lead us not,"
Both morn and night she prayed;
And yet 'mid scenes theatric e'en,
Her thoughtless footsteps strayed.
One day, behold her at the feast
Of Jesus' dying love;
The next, immersed in worldly joys,
Behold her eager move.

"Into temptation lead us not!"
Ah! can these prayers ascend,
From hearts divided with the world?
And will His grace descend
Upon the souls, who madly rush
Into the very snares
They pray to be delivered from?
Will Jesus hear such prayers?

"Into temptation lead us not!"
Then let us not be found,
Where prayer could not be offered up,
Or where the heavenly sound
Of holy praise could not be heard,
Or where a Savior's face
Could not be welcomed as a guest,
To bless the honored place.

THE POWER OF AN INFANT'S PRAYER.

"DELIVER US FROM EVIL."

The shades of night had gathered
Around a dwelling deep,
Where in a silent chamber,
Too deeply moved to sleep,
There sat a man in anguish:
He seemed to be alone;
But tempting spirits whispered
Dark thoughts, in muttered tones.

Dread hour of fierce temptation!
Ah! how the demons smiled,

When by their evil counsels,
He seemed almost beguiled.
Just on the point of yielding,
When accents low and sweet,
He heard in whispered pleadings,
And started to his feet.

In the next room adjoining,
A mother taught her child :
"Deliver us from evil,"
Was spoke in accents mild.
He heard with deep emotion,
Those softly whispered words;
And spirits of his childhood,
Within his bosom stirred.

Again he felt the pressure
Of a mother's gentle hand :
The grave gave up its inmate,
And near him seemed to stand
The spirit of that mother :
He heard her loving tones,
As in the ev'ning twilight
She prayed with him alone.

"Deliver us from evil!"
He heard with fearful start :
"Deliver us from evil,"
Seemed burned upon his heart.
It was the hour of darkness :
He saw the horrid deed
In all its dreadful blackness;
He felt where it would lead.

Bowed down in deep repentance,
He knelt before the Lord;
And tears of heartfelt sorrow,
From the crushed spirit poured.
The demons fled forever;
Their power had passed away;
And childhood's feeble pleadings,
Had taught him how to pray.

Ah! little thought that mother,
As she taught her precious one,
That those words so feebly uttered,
Should bring that lost one home.
"Deliver us from evil,"
Spoke by an infant's voice,
Had saved a tempted sinner,
Had made all Heaven rejoice.

"FOR THINE IS THE KINGDOM, AND THE POWER, AND THE GLORY, FOREVER AND EVER."

Thine is the glorious kingdom,
Which o'er the world shall reign,
And thine the mighty power,
To bring to earth again
The jubilee of glory,
When war and strife shall cease,
And o'er the whole creation,
There dawns eternal peace.

And thine be all the glory,
O, blessed Son of God!

For by thy heart-wrung anguish,
And by thy precious blood,
Thou 'st conquered sin's dominions,
Thou 'st spoiled the cruel grave;
And thus thou 'rt crowned forever,
The mighty One to save.

Forever and forever,
The days of mourning past,
Long as thyself enduring,
Thy kingdom, Lord, shall last.
When to His own dominions,
The Lord returns again,
Angels, and saints, and martyrs,
Shall shout the loud Amen.

Ten thousand times ten thousand
Of voices rich and loud,
Like the sound of many waters,
Above the glorious clouds,
Shall swell the raptured anthem,
To the Lamb, for sinners slain,
And thoughout the courts of Heaven,
Shall roll the grand Amen.

"AMEN!"

Amen! so let it be,
Over the dark, blue sea,
Beneath Heaven's dome.

Spirit of peace! expand
Thy wings o'er heathen lands,
Where souls benighted stand:
Thy kingdom come.

Amen! so let it be.
May love and harmony
Fill every home:
From the cold, icy poles,
To where deep ocean rolls;
In every human soul,
Thy kingdom come.

Amen! so let it be.
Proclaim true liberty
Where'er men roam;
From the broad northern lakes
To the sweet cany brakes,
May Satan's kingdom shake;
May Jesus come.

Amen! so let it be.
May man's great family
Quickly come home:
Where southern oceans lave;
Where the acacia waves,
May Jesus come to save:
His kingdom come.

Amen! so let it be.
Blest reign of purity
Speedily come.

Sound the loud jubilee
Over the earth and sea;
Lord, may we raptured see
Thy kingdom come.

My Darling Retta.

YES, thou art gone, my lovely one;
I feel it now;
Morning and eve I sit alone,
And meekly bow
Beneath the crushing weight of woe,
Which sinks my heart in sorrow low,
While to thy grave my spirit goes,
My darling Retta.

I hear thee dancing on the stair,
My dearest child;
Thy voice is ringing every where,
And thus beguiled,
I often watch an op'ning door:
With quickened step I cross the floor,
Then sigh alas! she'll come no more!
My darling Retta.

I see a form of childish grace,
With flaxen hair;
The light blue eyes, and smiling face,
So sweet, so fair,

In form and face so much like thee,
Wounds bleed afresh when thus I see
A vision, bringing back to me,
My darling Retta.

I see thee in thy bounding glee,
With youth so warm,
I hear thee singing merrily,
With witching charm ;
A book I find that thou hast touched ;
A toy which thou hast valued much,
Precious mementos ! these are such
Of darling Retta.

Thy chair is on the nursery floor ;
The very same
Which in thy infant pinafore,
When twilight came,
Pleased would'st thou rock thy weary limbs,
And sing thy mother's cradle hymns,
Before the evening lamps were trimmed,
My darling Retta.

Thy bonnet hangs upon the stand ;
I kiss it oft,
And the small glove which cased thy hand,
So fair, so soft.
I weep around thy little bed,
Where thou did'st rest thy dying head,
And think of all that thou hast said,
My darling Retta.

Thy birth-day comes ; no mother's kiss
Then welcomes thee :

Oh! then the gifts of love I miss,
So painfully.
Unconscious I am wand'ring there,
To stores of childish toys, and where
We all have sought our loving share,
For darling Retta.

The spring-flowers bloom, but not for thee,
My faded one:
They strew thy grave so tenderly,
Where all alone
My darling sleeps, in Jesus' care,
Safe from the world's alluring snare:
With trusting faith, we leave thee there,
Our darling Retta.

Two forms I see, in waking dreams;
None in the grave:
One like my living Retta seems:
Beyond the wave
The other smiles in the bright land,
Where by the tree of life she stands,
With palm of vict'ry in her hand,
My darling Retta.

There, hand in hand, with spirits blest,
She walks beside
The stream of life, where blissful rests
The Crucified:
He guides her timid, wand'ring feet,
Safely along the golden street:
There may we all in rapture meet
Our darling Retta.

HYMNS FOR CHILDREN.

The Good Shepherd.

TUNE, "I'M A PILGRIM."

See the gracious, the gentle Shepherd;
As the friend of guilty sinners he appears.
See the gracious, the gentle Shepherd;
As the friend of guilty sinners he appears.
Far from our Father He saw us straying;
He knew our danger, and quick obeying:
See the gracious, the gentle Shepherd;
As the friend of guilty sinners he appears.

He passed the rich by, and stoop'd to succor
The poor, the sick, the suff'ring sons of earth.
He pass'd the rich by, and stoop'd to succor
The poor, the sick, the suff'ring sons of earth;
Rebuked the proud ones, and kind caressing
The little children who came for blessing.
He passed the rich by, and stooped to succor
The poor, the sick, the suff'ring sons of earth.

Filled with pity, He came to save us,
When no other arm could bring salvation down.
Filled with pity, He came to save us,
When no other arm could bring salvation down.
Oh! come to Jesus, on Him relying;
Behold Him wounded, behold Him dying!
Filled with pity, He came to save us,
When no other arm could bring salvation down.

Behold the Savior, in clouds ascending,
While the gazing group all see Him disappear.
Behold the Savior, in clouds ascending,
While the gazing group all see Him disappear.
In Heav'n He's waiting the blessed morning,
When back to earth then again returning,
When on the mountain again descending,
He comes to gather all His children home.

There needs no candle to light that temple,
Where the Lamb shall be its everlasting light.
There needs no candle to light that temple,
Where the Lamb shall be its everlasting light.
All pain is banished, all sin and sighing;
There are no tears there, nor any dying.
Oh, blest Redeemer! who died to save us,
Bring all we love to that eternal rest.

Come, Let us go to Jesus.

COME let us go to Jesus!
Why should we wish to stay
Away from our Redeemer?
Come, let us haste away:
Come, let us go to Jesus!
He's waiting for us now,
And kindly he will meet us,
While at His feet we bow.

He's waiting to be gracious;
He'll pardon all our sins,
If we will stop from sinning,
And to serve God begin:
He wept for little children,
When on the ground He lay,
And sweat great drops of anguish,
While earnestly He prayed.

For us He shed His life-blood,
To show He could forgive
The sins of countless millions,
If they would but believe.
Then let us go to Jesus;
Let us no more delay,
He's waiting to receive us:
Come, let us haste away.

Come, Let us go to Heaven.

COME, let us go to Heaven:
  This world is not our rest;
There holy joys are given;
  There peace fills every breast;
There are no tears or sighing;
  Sin cannot enter there,
Nor pain, nor any dying,
  Can taint the peaceful air.

Come, let us go to Heaven:
  The righteous dead are there,
Their sins are all forgiven;
  They've done with earthly care.
There dwell the lambs of Jesus;
  They walk the shining street;
They sing the song of rapture,
  While they His love repeat.

Beside the peaceful river,
  The Lamb their footsteps guides;
They dwell with Him forever,
  Near to His bleeding side.
Forever and forever
  Their sorrows all are past;
Forever and forever
  Their blessed joys shall last.

Sabbath Hymn.

THIS is the holy Sabbath-day;
Let 's quit our work, and stop our play,
For 'tis the day that God has given,
To lead our spirits up to Heaven.

Let us remember all our sins:
Our going out, and coming in
Was seen by God, through all the week,
Oh! let us now His pardon seek.

Let us remember, Jesus died;
On the sharp cross was crucified,
To open wide the gates of Heaven,
For sinners, who would be forgiven.

The Sabbath past, Oh! may we be
Through the next week, still more like thee;
More humble, pure, and full of love;
More meet to dwell with Christ above.

'Tis Sabbath Morn.

'TIS Sabbath morn! 'tis Sabbath morn,
The church-bells seem to say:

Come, come away, 'tis Sabbath morn;
Oh! why should we delay.
This is the day our Lord has blessed;
It points to our eternal rest:
Come, come away, 'tis Sabbath morn,
The church-bells seem to say.

To Jesus come! to Jesus come!
The church-bells seem to say;
He calls us to our heavenly home,
How can we stay away?
This is the day when Christ arose,
Triumphant o'er the worst of foes:
Come, come away, 'tis Sabbath morn,
The church-bells seem to say.

Oh! come to Heav'n, Oh! come to Heav'n,
The church-bells seem to say:
Come, come away, 'tis Sabbath morn,
'Tis Jesus' rising day.
It points to that eternal morn,
When saints shall from the grave return:
Come, come away, 'tis Sabbath morn;
Let's worship God to-day.

The Judgment.

THE day draweth near,
When Christ shall appear,
When we must arise;

To meet on His throne,
In glory come down,
The Lord of the skies.

How dreadful that day!
When earth flies away,
The moon red as blood!
'Mid the sun's dismal pall,
Stars from Heaven shall fall,
Through a fiery flood.

How shall I appear
When Christ draweth near,
In judgment to come?
Shall I then rejoice,
When Jesus' own voice,
Pronounces my doom?

Oh! will He say come!
In Heaven there's room;
For you are my own:
You served me below:
Come, dwell with me now,
Forever, at home.

Will You Go?

Oh! Heaven must be a happy place,
Will you go? will you go?

We there shall see the Savior's face;
Will you go? will you go?
There sin and sorrow fly away,
For Jesus makes eternal day:
No sin can in His presence stay;
Will you go? will you go?

There, every breast with love is filled
Will you go? will you go?
No warm affection there is chilled,
Will you go? will you go?
There parted friends again shall meet,
Together walk the golden street;
Together joyful hymns repeat:
Will you go? will you go?

No night is there, no setting sun;
Will you go? will you go?
But blissful, bright, eternal noon;
Will you go? will you go?
No sickness bows the drooping head;
No weakness checks the youthful tread;
No grave to hide the cherished dead;
Will you go? will you go?

There flowers bloom in endless grace;
Will you go? will you go?
There fruits celestial please the taste;
Will you go? will you go?
There heav'nly music sweetly swells;
There Jesus with His people dwells;
There's pleasure more than tongue can tell;
Will you go? will you go?

Hymn.

THE Savior is near,
O! what shall we fear,
Since he is so good?
Our prayers he will hear,
Whene'er we draw near,
Through his precious blood.

Though little we are,
We 've wander'd afar
From his holy way.
Our spirits within,
Are all stain'd with sin,
By night and by day.

If we would be good,
Our Savior's own blood
Must make our hearts pure.
To Christ let us come;
He guides us safe home,
Where sin he will cure.

O, Savior so meek,
Look on us, so weak,
And pity us now.
O! teach us to love,
Our Father above,
While near thee we bow.

Infant Hymn.

JESUS, Savior,
May thy favor,
Rest on me:
Though in Heaven,
Pray for me.

Though in glory,
Holy angels,
Worship thee;
Wilt thou stoop
To pray for me.

Gentle Shepherd,
In thy bosom,
Carry me;
And when tempted
Pray for me.

From the storms,
When rudely blowing,
Shelter me:
'Mid the tempest,
Pray for me.

Soon life's journey
Will be over,
E'en for me;
Then to Heaven,
Welcome me.

Where the souls
Of blesssed infants
Joy to be;
There I'd happy
Dwell with thee.

Let us Love.

LET us love, for it is pleasant;
Let us love, for it is good;
'Tis the joy that fills all Heaven,
'Tis like angels, 'tis like God.

When we see a ragged brother,
When we see a crippled one;
Let us love to clothe the naked,
Give our arm to lean upon.

Jesus loved to feed the hungry;
Jesus healed the sick and blind:
Would we be like him, so lovely?
We must be as good and kind.

When we see the poor and aged,
Let us not their woes despise;
But with kindest, sweetest accents,
Let us wipe their weeping eyes.

When we see the wretched drunkard,
Reeling senseless to his home;
Should we join in wicked laughter?
Think how soon he'll reach his home.

Frowns should never cloud the features
Of a little prattling child,
All her words should speak of kindness;
All her actions should be mild.

Let us love, for it is pleasant;
Let us love, for it is good;
'Tis the joy that fills all Heaven,
'Tis like angels, 'tis like God.

Infant Hymn.

JESUS, high in glory!
Lend a list'ning ear
When we bow before thee,
Infant praises hear.

Though thou art so holy,
Heaven's eternal King!
Thou wilt stoop to listen,
When thy praise we sing.

When thou dwelt among us,
Thou didst deign to bless
Childhood's joyous hours:
Infant helplessness.

We are little children,
Weak, and apt to stray:

Savior! guide and keep us,
In the Heavenly way.

Save us, Lord, from sinning;
Watch us day by day;
Help us now to love thee;
Take our sins away.

Then, when Jesus calls us,
To our heavenly home,
We would gladly answer,
Savior, Lord! we come.

The Story of Jesus.

HEAR the wondrous story
Of the King of Glory,
Who in boundless love,
Moved with soft compassion
Brought to us salvation,
From the world above.

In the realms of Heaven,
Angel's praise was given;
Yet His loving heart,
Touched with tender pity,
Left that heavenly city,
And with all did part,

First in Bethlehem's manger,
See the heavenly stranger,
  Willing there to be;
Stripped of all His glory,
Poor, despised, and lowly,
  Thus to succor me.

By the Jews rejected;
By the world suspected,
  Weary, weak and worn;
See the blessed Savior,
Thus the world to favor,
  Only for its scorn.

In the garden praying,
Judas there betraying,
  Thus the Savior see:
By His friends forsaken;
To the cross then taken,
  There to bleed for me.

Shout aloud, Hosanna!
Raise the Gospel banner;
  Let us round it press:
E'en an infant's praises,
Jesus ne'er despises;
  He our souls will bless.

Come, come away.

COME, come away, from earthly cares reposing,
Come, let us meet at Jesus' feet;
Oh! come, come away.
There's not a spot on earth more dear;
Oh! let us early gather here;
Perhaps our Lord may now draw near;
Oh! come, come away.

Come, come away, 'tis a blessed Sabbath morning,
Oh! let us praise in joyful lays;
Oh! come, come away.
'Tis here we learn to praise the Lord;
To listen to His holy word;
'Tis here we meet in sweet accord;
Oh! come, come away.

Come, come away, this sacred hour improving;
Oh! let us all on Jesus call;
Oh! come, come away.
And while together here we stay,
We'll drive each foolish thought away,
For we have met to hear and pray;
Oh! come, come away.

Come, come away, for Jesus' feast is waiting;
The board is spread with heav'nly bread;
Oh! come, come away.
The Spirit kindly bids us come;
He calls us to our heavenly home;
For us, for you, for all, there's room;
Oh! come, come away.

He looks at me.

WHEN I sleep, and when I wake,
When my daily walks I take,
Though my eye no God can see,
Still He ever looks at me.

When I speak a wicked word,
By my Savior it is heard;
Though I seek from God to flee,
Still from Heaven He looks at me.

When I break His holy day,
And indulge in sinful play,
Could I still so thoughtless be,
If I felt, He looks at me?

When with wicked ones I play;
When my heart forgets to pray,
Though I may forgetful be,
Still my Savior looks at me.

When my angry passions rise,
God can hear my sinful cries;
When rebellious I would be,
Still He ever looks at me.

Every disobedient word,
False or cross, in Heaven is heard;
Though no human eye can see,
God, my Savior, looks at me.

In each action that I do,
God can see me through and through:
May this thought a comfort be,
Christ, my Savior, cares for me.

Hymn.

My Father, my Father, Oh! teach me to pray,
Oh! pity an infant, and teach what to say;
For thou art so holy, and I am so weak;
Oh! teach me to fear, when thy name I would speak.

Thou clothest the lily, thou smil'st in the flowers,
Thy goodness is felt in the sun and the showers;
Thy love is so high, that it reaches to heaven,
And so deep, that it stoops to a sinner forgiven.

Thy love whisper'd words, always gentle and mild,
It open'd its arms to embrace e'en a child;
For when the disciples said there was no room,
Thy love kindly bade them, in welcome to come.

Then Father, my Father, take me for thy child;
Oh! make me like Jesus, so loving and mild;
Oh! give me his Spirit, to guide me safe home,
And bring me, in mercy, where sin never comes.

God is Great.

HE makes the sun to rise and set;
He bids the rivers flow;
His word can raise the stormy wind,
And bid the tempest blow.

'Tis by the power of His voice,
He bids the storm to cease;
Lulled by the whisper of His word:
He speaks, and all is peace.

Great God, I tremble at thy might,
For I'm a feeble child,
And own that in Thy holy sight,
I am by sin defiled.

"Thou, God, seest me."

AWAKE, asleep, by night, by day,
When at my lesson, or my play,
Although the Lord I cannot see,
His eye is always fixed on me.

God never will forsake His own;
He will not leave me when alone:
When not another friend is near,
May I remember, God is here.

Oh! may I try to please Him still;
To know and love, and do His will;
Then will it joy and gladness be,
That God's own eye is fixed on me.

"There is a God."

WHEN I look around me;
When I look above,
Every thing reminds me,
There's a God of love.

When the sun is beaming;
When the evening star
Twinkles in the heavens,
Shining from afar,

Then I often wonder
Who has made them all.
God, my Heav'nly Father,
Hung this earthly ball.

Trees, and grass, and rivers,
Murmuring as they flow;
Plants and smallest insects,
God's great power show.

Birds, so sweetly singing;
Flowers, that fragrant smell;
Everything around me,
Of God's goodness tells.

Then, since God has made us,
Are we not His own?
Let us early love Him,
And serve Him alone.

Infant Praise.

How beautiful o'er all the earth,
The works of God appear!
The glorious sun, the twinkling stars,
The moon, so soft and clear.

I love to hear my teacher tell
That God has made them all;
And that His everlasting arms
Uphold this earthly ball.

I love to watch the budding flowers,
When cheering Spring draws near;
And merry birds' delightful notes,
How much I love to hear.

My infant heart beats high with joy,
And glad I trip along
The grassy earth, with joyful steps,
And join their happy song.

The Happy Child.

How blest and happy, Lord, am I,
To know so much of Thee!
To know that if I love Thee well,
Thou wilt my Father be.

To know that if I seek Thy face,
Jesus my cause will plead,
And thro' this world of sin and woe,
My trembling feet will lead.

Will hide me in His gracious arms,
And in His bosom bear
The timid lambs, and keep them safe
From every hurtful snare.

Then lead us, Savior, by the stream
Where living waters flow,
Until we reach the happy land,
Where fruits celestial grow.

"We must Repent."

By sin and Satan sorely driven,
How shall we find the way to Heaven?
How shall we have our sins forgiven?
Of sin we must repent.

We must be sorry for our sins,
And to serve God we must begin;
And if we would be pure within,
Of sin we must repent.

We must repent and turn away
From every false and sinful way:
No matter what the wicked say,
Of sin we must repent.

We must repent, by day, by night,
Of all that is not strictly right
In God's most pure and holy sight:
Of all we must repent.

Fly from Sin.

SIN must always make us sad:
None are happy, none are glad,
Only those who evil flee;
Only those who come to me.

This is what the Savior says
Of religion's happy ways:
Let us then to Jesus go;
Let us follow Him below.

Then how happy we shall be,
Members of His family:
And in Heaven at last shall spend,
Happy days that never end.

"O, where, tell me where."

TUNE, "BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND."

OH, where, tell me where have the little children gone?
Oh! where, tell me where have the little children gone?
They once were sitting here with us,
They sang, and spoke, and smiled;
And they loved to meet us thus,
But they've left us now, my child.

Oh! where, tell me where, have the little children gone?
Oh! where, tell me where, have the little children gone?
I seem to see their sparkling eyes,
I seem to hear their song;
But we'll never see them more
In the school where we belong.

Oh! where, tell me where, have the little children gone?
Oh! where, tell me where, have the little children gone?
They never will be sick again,
Their tears will never flow;
For none are shed in Heaven,
Where the lambs of Jesus go.

Oh! where, tell me where, have the little children gone?
Oh! where, tell me where, have the little children gone?
They would not come to us again,
They would not leave the sky;
For they have found in Heaven,
Joys which never more can die.

Oh! where, tell me where, have the little children gone?
Oh! where, tell me where, have the little children gone?
For they are washed in Jesus' blood,
And in their infant hands,
They bear a harp like angels',
As they join the Heavenly band.

Live in Peace.

WHY should we disagree, disagree, disagree?
Children of one family, let us live in love;
Oh! how sweet the sight would be, the sight would be, the sight would be,
Here to dwell in harmony, then to meet above.

When our angry passions rise, passions rise, passions rise,
Filling us with thoughts unkind, let us look above;
To the Lamb we'd lift our eyes, lift our eyes, lift our eyes;
Think how meekly Jesus died, thus to make us love.

When the cruel soldiers smote, did He strike? did He strike?
When they wove the crown of thorns, oh, how still He stood;
When they nailed Him to the tree, to the tree, to the tree,
Still He bore the curse for me, patient Lamb of God.

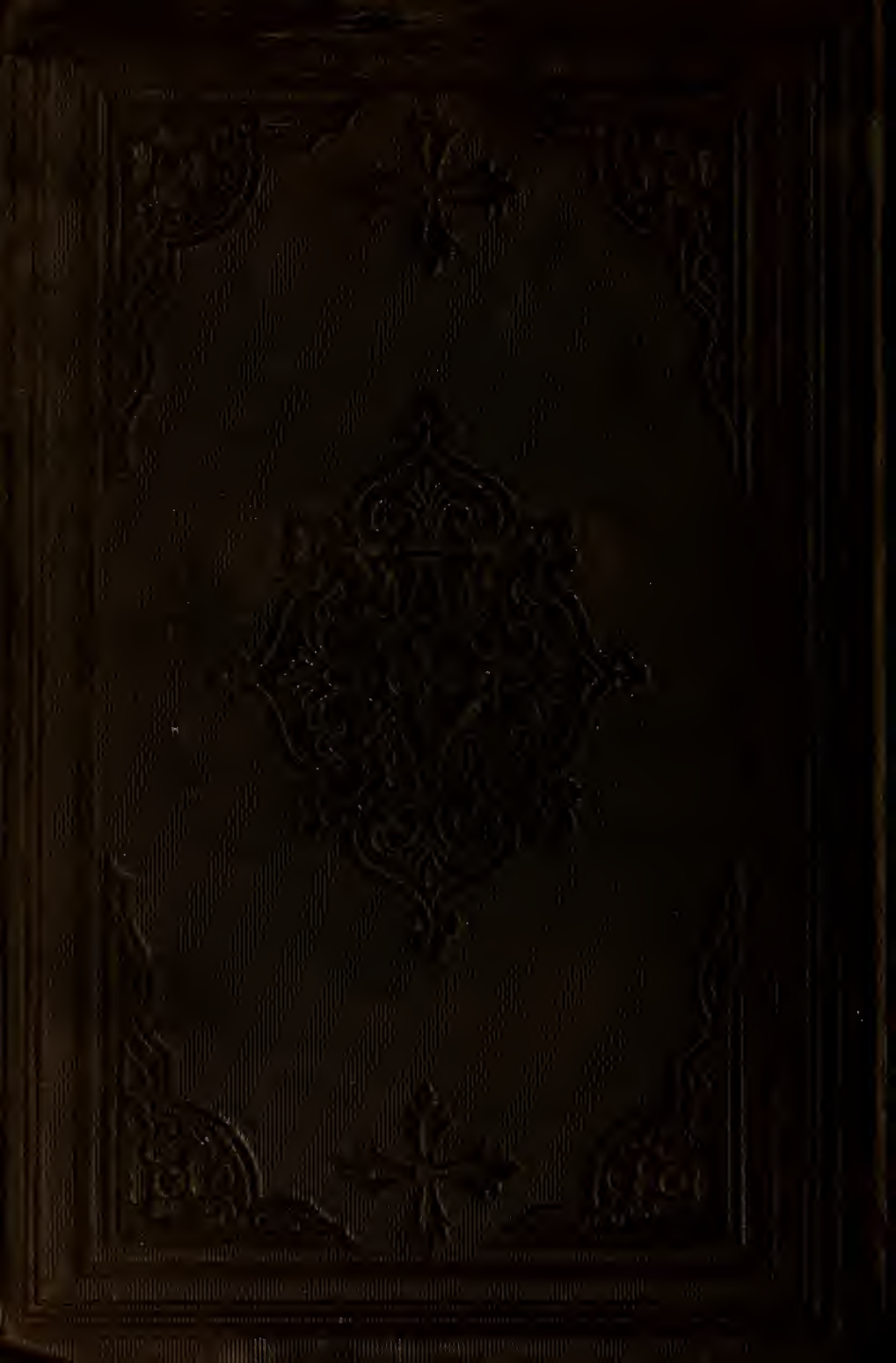
Jesus says, live in peace, live in peace, live in peace,
Then our joys shall still increase, as we travel home,

To the land where strife shall cease, strife shall cease, strife shall cease;
Where the sin of angry words never more shall come.

Hand in hand, oh! let us go, let us go, let us go
To the land of perfect love, where the angels dwell;
Gladly leaving all below, all below, all below,
With the spirits of the saved, our joyful notes to swell.

Little Children, come to me.

LITTLE children, come to me,
In your days of infancy.
Come, and I will give you rest;
Come, and I will make you blest.

These are kind and gracious words,
Spoken by our blessed Lord;
Oh! how happy should I be,
Thus to hear Him speak to me.

Little children, cease from sin,
And to serve the Lord begin;
Then a happy life you'll spend,
With the Savior for your friend.